MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS,

LEGAL INSTRUMENTS,

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR,

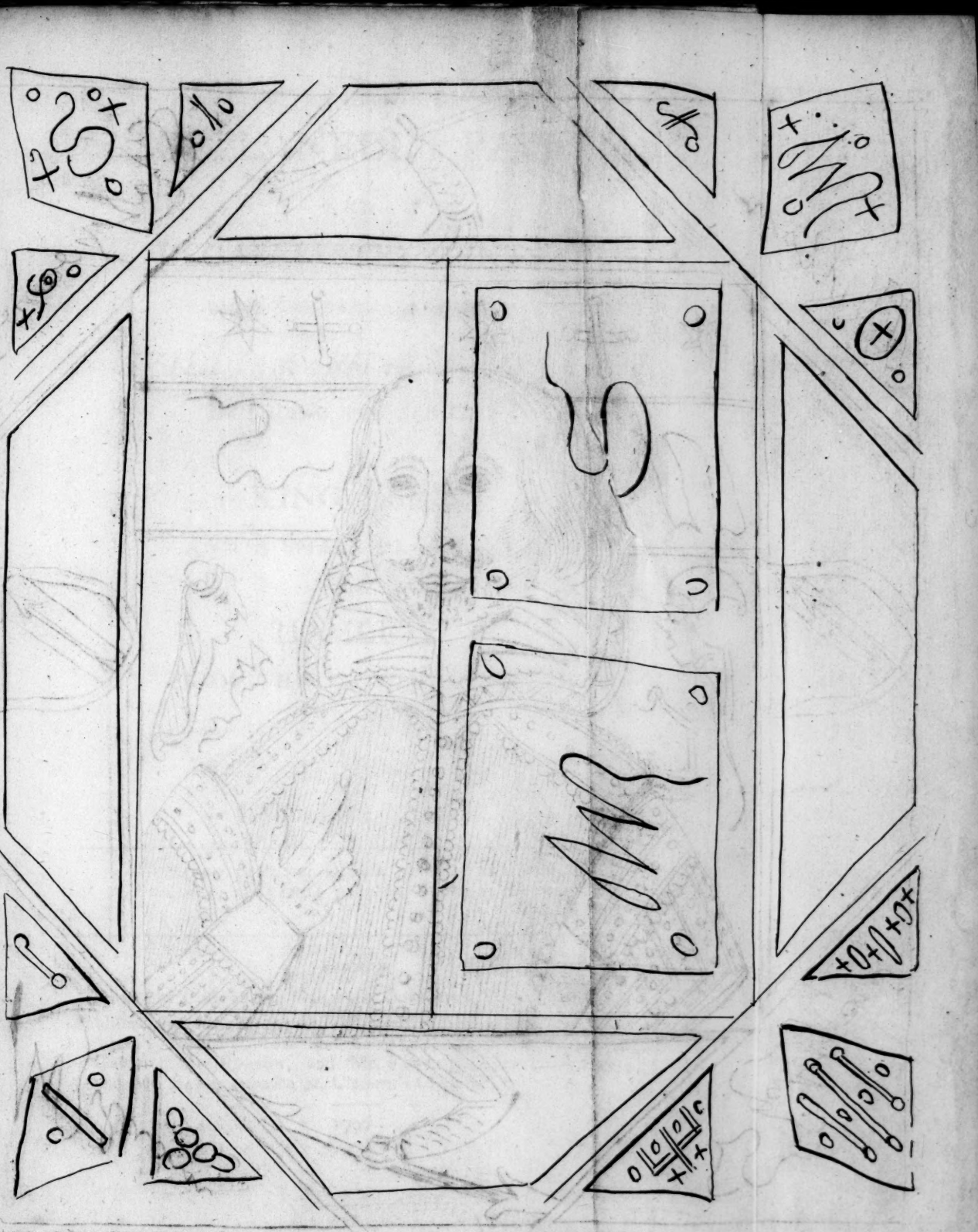
AND

A SMALL FRAGMENT OF HAMLET,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

BRITISH MUSEUM



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MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

AND

LEGAL INSTRUMENTS

UNDER THE HAND AND SEAL OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:

INCLUDING THE TRAGEDY

OF

KING LEAR,

AND A SMALL FRAGMENT

OF

HAMLET,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

SAMUEL IRELAND,

OF NORFOLK STREET.

——"QUOD OPTANTI DIVUM PROMITTERE NEMO
"AUDERET, VOLVENDA DIES EN ATTULIT ULTRO."
ÆN. IX. 6.

London:

Printed by COOPER and GRAHAM, Bow Street, Covent Garden.
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1796.

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PREFACE.

THE Editor of this Volume here preſents the Public with a part of that valuable treaſure of our SHAKSPEARE, which, having been by accident diſcovered in MS., has ſince been depoſited in his hands. From the firſt moment of this diſcovery to the preſent hour, Mr. Ireland has inceſſantly laboured, by all the means in his power, to inform himſelf with reſpect to the validity of theſe intereſting papers.

Throughout this period there has not been an ingenuous character, or diſintereſted individual, in the circle of Literature, to whoſe critical eye he has not been earneſt, that the whole ſhould be ſubjected. He has courted, he has even challenged, the critical judgment of thoſe, who are beſt ſkilled in the Poetry and Phraſeology of the times in which Shakſpeare lived; as well as thoſe, whoſe profeſſion or courſe of ſtudy has made them converſant with ancient deeds, writings, ſeals and autographs. Wide and extenſive as this range may appear, and it includes the Scholar, the Man of Taſte, the Antiquarian, and the Herald, his enquiries have not reſted in the cloſet of the Speculatiſt; he has been

equally anxious that the whole ſhould be ſubmitted to the practical experience of the Mechanic, and be pronounced upon by the paper-maker, &c., as well as the Author. He has ever been deſirous of placing them in any view, and under any light, that could be thrown upon them; and he has, in conſequence, the ſatisfaction of announcing to the Public, that, as far as he has been able to collect the ſentiments of the ſeveral claſſes of perſons above referred to, they have unanimouſly teſtified in favour of their authenticity; and declared, that, where there was ſuch a maſs of evidence, internal and external, it was impoſſible, amidſt ſuch various ſources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded ſo much without betraying itſelf; and, conſequently, that *theſe Papers can be no other than the production of Shakſpeare himſelf.*

It may be expected, that ſomething be ſaid by the Editor, of the manner in which theſe papers came into his hands. He received them from his ſon, Samuel-William-Henry Ireland, a young man then under nineteen years of age; by whom the diſcovery was accidentally made at the houſe of a gentleman of conſiderable property.

Amongſt a maſs of family papers, the Contracts between Shakſpeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and

the Leaſe granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraſer, which was firſt found, were diſcovered; and ſoon afterwards the Deed of Gift to William Henry Ireland, (deſcribed as the friend of Shakſpeare, in conſequence of his having ſaved his life on the river Thames, when in extreme danger of being drowned) and alſo the Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge, were diſcovered. In purſuing this ſearch he was ſo fortunate as to meet with ſome deeds very material to the intereſts of this gentleman, and ſuch as eſtabliſhed, beyond all doubt, his title to a conſiderable property: deeds of which this gentleman was as ignorant, as he was of his having in his poſſeſſion any of the MSS. of Shakſpeare. In return for this ſervice, added to the conſideration that the young man bore the ſame name and arms with the perſon who ſaved the life of Shakſpeare, this gentleman promiſed him every thing relative to the preſent ſubject, that had been or ſhould be found either in town, or at his houſe in the country. At this houſe the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his MS. notes, and three MS. plays, with part of another, were diſcovered.

Fortified as he is with the opinion of the unprejudiced and intelligent, the Editor will not allow that it can be preſumption in him to ſay, that he

has no doubt of the truth and authenticity of that, which he lays before the Public. Of this fact he is as fully ſatisfied, as he is with the honour that has been obſerved towards him throughout the whole communication made to him upon this ſubject. So circumſtanced, he ſhould not feel juſtified in importuning or any way requeſting a gentleman, to whom he is known only by obligation, and not perſonally, to ſubject himſelf to the impertinence and licentiouſneſs of literary curioſity and cavil, unleſs he ſhould himſelf voluntarily come forward. But this is not all. It was not till after the maſs of papers received became voluminous, that Mr. Ireland had any idea of printing them: he then applied to the original poſſeſſor for his permiſſion ſo to do; and this was not obtained but under the ſtrongeſt injunction, that his name ſhould not appear.—This injunction has, throughout all the ſtages of this buſineſs, been uniformly declared: and, as this gentleman has dealt moſt liberally with the Editor, he can confidently ſay, that in his turn he has with equal openneſs and candour conducted himſelf towards the Public; to whom, immediately upon every communication made, every thing has been ſubmitted without reſerve.

But, it is ſaid, that the diſcloſure of the name

of the gentleman, from whom theſe papers came would remove all doubts, and ſettle all men's minds upon the ſubject. He believes, and is confident, that with ſome it would. But who is it that ſays this? It cannot be the real Critic, or Antiquarian. He will not ſay, that his art or ſcience amounts to nothing, and that his lucubrations are idle and uſeleſs. But if the point cannot finally or ſatisfactorily be decided either by the thing written, its paper or parchment vehicle, or ſeals appendant, or the other circumſtances under which it was introduced, and muſt depend wholly upon the place and perſon from whom they came, what becomes of the acumen of the Critic, or the ſkill and labour of the Antiquarian? By this rule it is a queſtion for another juriſdiction; and the occupation of the Critic and Antiquarian is gone.

Many authors, poſſeſſed of rare and extraordinary talents, have been occaſionally imitated; but, ſo ſuperior and tranſcendant is the Genius of Shakſpeare, that ſcarce any attempts to rival or imitate him, and thoſe too contemptible to notice, have ever been made. With a wit ſo pregnant, an imagination ſo unbounded, ſuch an intuitive knowledge of the workings of the human heart, ſo ſimple and ſo ſublime, it ſeemed, that the ſeal of

heaven had been ſtamped on the production of his mind, and that

" Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
" And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines."

To the man of taſte, and lover of ſimplicity, to the ſound Critic, it is conceived, upon collating them, it will appear, that the alterations made in the printed copies of Lear are manifeſtly introduced by the players, and are deviations from that ſpontaneous flow of ſoul and ſimple diction, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh this great Author, this Child of Nature; and that the additions and alterations interſperſed, which, in the eyes of the players, were, no doubt, ſplendid improvements, have not unfrequently been introduced at the expence of the natural courſe of the narrative, the regular detail of the fact, and uniformity of the author's ſtyle; which, whether it is employed on great things or ſmall, in expreſſing humble or lofty images, is invariably without labour or effort, and without any thing like hardneſs or inverſion. Theſe too are amongſt the reaſons that have perſuaded the Editor, that theſe papers are genuine; for, it is preſumed, the MS. here preſented to the Public muſt have been the original, and, probably, the only one by the author.

Next to the crime of attempting to impoſe on others, and inviting them to countenance the impoſition, is the cruel and unmanly charge of taxing another with ſo unworthy a deſign. To the Editor that charge has been imputed: and to this he can with truth reply, that no conſideration ſhould, under ſuch circumſtances, have induced him to practiſe ſuch a fraud, had the quality of the thing pretended been ever ſo excellent; and that, had even the poſſibility of forging theſe papers been in his eſtimation within the reach of art, they never ſhould have met the public eye. The contrary opinion having been eſtabliſhed by the beſt and ſoundeſt judgments, he has been emboldened with the fulleſt confidence thus to gratify his private wiſhes, as well as a duty, which he feels he owes to the Public, in ſubmitting them to their inſpection.

It was the great object of the Editor to obtain the fair and free ſuffrages of the literary world, that they ſhould ſee with their own eyes, and judge with their own underſtandings; and with this view he dedicated his time to them. Should it, therefore, be poſſible that either artifice or influence has been uſed to prevent any one from gratifying that curioſity, ſo natural to the mind of man upon a ſubject ſo intereſting, no one can be ſo weak as to be at a loſs to aſſign the motive.

And if any one, whoſe diſpoſitions and ſtudies have throughout life engaged and riveted him in theſe faſcinating purſuits, ſhall be found to have been diverted by ſuch means, be aſſured that ſomething more than Truth and candid Criticiſm muſt, in ſuch inſtance, have been the object of him who could condeſcend to occupy himſelf in offices, at any rate, ſo unbecoming and ungenerous. Above all, if any one, who has uſed ſuch miſchievous activity, has himſelf never ſeen the papers which he pronounces ſpurious, and yet labours to prevent conviction reaching the eyes and underſtandings of his friends, the Editor might have been well excuſed, could he have foreſeen ſo illiberal an oppoſition to this great and national diſcovery, had he declined to devote near twelve months of his time to the Public, and to have embarked ſo large a ſum in this undertaking, as yet to ſubject him to a conſiderable loſs.

In the original MS. of Lear no punctuation is any where to be found; nor are there ſtrokes to the *t's* or dots to the *i's*. Theſe laſt, which may aſſiſt the reader, and cannot poſſibly diſturb or affect the ſenſe, the Editor has ſupplied; but in every other reſpect he has left the text preciſely as he found it. In the MS. there are many notes viſible on the backs of the ſheets, ſigned W. S. or W^m^. Shak-

ſpeare: great pains have been uſed to decypher them, but the pen has been croſſed over with ſo much care, that it has been found impracticable.

The ſmall fragment of Hamlet, as far as it goes, will produce reflections in the mind of the reader ſimilar to thoſe which muſt have ſuggeſted themſelves upon the peruſal of the Lear; and conſtrain us the more ſincerely to regret the loſs of the reſt of theſe ſimple, yet impreſſive, effuſions of his natural and eaſy vein.

In this view it is, that the Editor cannot help conſidering the recovery of the original of one of Shakſpeare's plays as not an event of mere curioſity, but as an important acceſſion to the Literature of his Country. While it lays before them the characteriſtic features of the ſtyle of this greate Author, it furniſhes the Scholar and Antiquarian with ſure grounds, on which he may deduce the hiſtory of his native tongue. It preſents a ſtyle, as undreſſed as it is uniform; and ſo much ſo, that the Editor is thoroughly aſſured, that whoever will give himſelf the trouble of collating a few ſcenes, muſt, if he has the ſmalleſt critical ſagacity, be able to pronounce for himſelf with certainty as to almoſt every inſtance, in which the general ſtyle of the Author is departed from and a new one ſubſtituted;

and that, inſtead of his ſimple phraſeology, and ſentences framed according to their natural order and conſtruction, the obvious general features of his own writings, there will be found at intervals tumor and gaudy trappings, and hardneſs, and inverſion.

By way of example, the Editor here lays before the Public one or two inſtances: p. 59, line 1153.

"*Stew* Tript mee behynde beynge downe in-
" ſultedde raylde
" ande putte *onne hymme ſoe muche o the* Manne
" Thatte worthyedde hymme *ande gotte hymme*
" prayſes o the Kynge
" *Ande forre the Attempt of thys hys ſofte ſub-*
" *dud* exployte
" Drewe oune mee here agayne."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; and in the Modern Editions, ACT II. SCENE II.

" *Stew.* Tript me behinde, being downe, in-
" fulted, raild,
" And put *vpon him ſuch a deale of* man,
" That worthied him, *got* praiſes of the King,
" *For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,*
" *And in the ſlechuent of this dread* exploit,
" Drew on mee heere againe."

In the following ſcene, in Edgar's ſpeech; p. 63, line 1219.

" *Edg* Blankette mye loynes *twiſte* alle mye
" hayre in Knottes
" Ande *inne Adam lyke* Nakeddeneſſe oute face
" The Winde ande perſecutyonne o the Skye."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; and Modern Editions, SCENE III.

" *Edg* Blanket my loines, *elſe* all my hair with
" knots,
" And *with preſented* nakednes out-face
" The winde, and perſecution of the ſkie."

Again, in p. 68, line 1433; the ſame SCENE.

" *Leare* I woud divorce thee fromme thye Mo-
" therres *Wombe*
" *Ande ſaye the Motherre was an Adultreſſe.*"

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; the ſame SCENE.

" *Lear* I woud divorce me from thy mothers
" *toombe*,
" *Sepulchring an adultreſſe.*"

And again, in p. 140, line 2759.

" *Edm* Sir I thoughte itte *fyttenne* toe ſende the
" oulde Kynge
" Toe *cloſe* retennetyonne."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; ACT V. SCENE III.

" *Baſt.* Sir, I thought it *fit*
" To ſend the olde *and miſerable* King
" To *ſome* retention, *and appointed guard.*"

It is not in the vain expectation of recalling the innovating and critical Genius of the preſent age to the manly plainneſs and ſimplicity of their anceſtors, that this doctrine, ſo oppoſite to the trade of conjectural Criticiſm, is advanced; but a hope is indulged by the Editor, that that idea may ever be freſh and indelible in the breaſts of his countrymen, which one, worthy of being a commentator on the Merits and Genius of Shakſpeare, has ſo nobly expreſſed, that,

" Whilſt to the ſhame of ſlow endeav'ring art
" His eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
" Hath from the leaves of his unvalu'd book
" Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,"

this impreſſion may neither be weakened nor effaced by the raſh hand of officious friendſhip, or over-weening vanity.

With reſpect to the improvement which this copy preſents, Mr. Ireland reſts not ſo much on the ſeveral beautiful paſſages here given in addition to the printed copies, as he does on the natural courſe of the dialogue and turn of the thought; which, injurioufly to the reputation of Shakſpeare, has, he affirms, been frequently in thoſe copies diverted and varied to anſwer the purpoſes already pointed out. To the intelligent reader it muſt be unneceſſary to enumerate them. The opinion entertained by the Author of the copies printed in his own life time, (unleſs it can be ſhewn that this Work is a mere fabrication) is aſcertained by the Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge, inſerted in this work; in which he ſays,

" & ſho^d. they bee everr agayne Impryntedd
" I doe orderr thatt theye bee ſoe donn from theſe
" mye true writtenn Playes & nott from thoſe nowe
" prynted."

In the Lear three leaves are unfortunately wanting in the original MS.; theſe the Editor has ſupplied from the Quarto Edition of 1608; and

they will be found in pages 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54, marked with inverted commas. The Editor, in the pages following the Preface, has ventured to ſupply ſuch words or letters as he conceives to have been accidentally the omiſſion of the Author in writing this play; and this mode, he flatters himſelf, will be thought preferable to inſerting them in the body of the work. It may not be improper to add, that in the paper, on which this Play is written, more than twenty different water marks appear.

The Editor informs the Public, that (beſides the Play of Vortigern, now preparing for repreſentation at Drury-Lane Theatre) another, and more intereſting, hiſtorical Play has been diſcovered amongſt the other papers, in the hand writing of Shakſpeare: this will in due time be laid before the public. He likewiſe acquaints them, that he is in poſſeſſion of a great part of Shakſpeare's Library, in which are many books with Notes in his own hand, and thoſe of a very curious nature. Some of theſe he, moſt probably, will reprint: they exhibit him in a new character,—unite with the Bard, the Critic and the Moraliſt, and diſplay an acute and penetrating judgment, with a diſpoſition amiable and gentle as his Genius was tranſcendant. Such a view of our immortal Poet muſt

prove highly acceptable to every ſincere admirer, who will doubtleſs concur with the Editor, that nothing ſhould be loſt, ſcarce even

" One drop which fell from Shakſpeare's pen."

Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.

KING LEAR.

Page.	Line.	
13,	194,	for *godd* read *good*
22,	364,	for *ths* read *thys:* the ſame word often occurs in the MS., and appears to be an abbreviation
26,	428,	after *ſhould* read *not*, and after *have* read *been*
27,	443,	for *I* read *Aye:* this was the Author's uſual mode of writing
31,	509,	after *If* read *thou*
—	520,	*n* is omitted in *Counſayle*
33,	558,	for *wits* read *with*
34,	570,	after *awaye* read *if*
—	579,	for *getts* read *ſetts*
36,	604,	for *Layerre* read *Lawyerre*
—	612,	*n* is omitted in *counſayld*
37,	634,	for *when* read *were*
—	643,	omit *lye*
40,	682,	quere? if for *fyre* read *fye*
43,	738,	for *uſſe* read *curſe*
44,	759,	for *ouregarde* read *o'erguarde*
48,	930,	for 930 read 830
—	938,	for *mſte* read *muſte*
49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54 of the MS. are loſt, and are here inſerted from the Quarto Edition of 1608, marked with inverted commas		
54,	1057,	for *biſomme* read *beſomme*
—	1058,	for *conſaylle* read *counſaylle*
—	1063,	for *were* read *where*
55,	1083,	for *iſſe* read *iſte*
56,	1086,	after *maye* read *make*
59,	1138,	for *haſboure* read *harboure*
61,	1195,	for *looke* read *tooke*
65,	1274,	for *withinne* read *with*
—	1380,	for 1380 read 1280, and ſo on
69,	1438,	for *qulytye* read *qualytye*
—	1449,	for *the* read *then*
70,	1475,	for *ſhalt* read *ſhall*
—	1475,	after *mye* read *curſe*
71,	1484,	after *mye* read *manne*
72,	1511,	the word in *Italics* is underſcored in the MS.
—	1517,	for *ſqure* read *ſquire*
—	1518,	after *foote* read *rather*

Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.

Page.	Line.	
74,	1543,	for *Reg* read *Regan*
—	1552,	for *ſithe* read *ſayſt*
—	1556,	for *coutenaunce* read *countenaunce*
—	1558,	after *gave* read *it*
77,	1611,	after *norre* read *buſh*
—	1617,	after *have* read *his*
81,	1692,	a dot over the *i* in the MS., the only one that has yet occurred
88,	1827,	after *whore* read *not*
—	1831,	*r* omitted in *ſerving*
91,	1888,	after *brynge* read *you*
92,	1906,	for *thruthe* read *truthe*
—	1907,	*o thys hathe* is repeated
94,	1940,	for *faherre* read *fatherre*
—	1941,	for *apprehefyonne* read *apprehenſyonne*
95,	1958,	for *wores* read *whores*
96,	1984,	for *thorowinge* read *throwinge*
98,	2023,	after *pinnyonne* read *him*, and after *like* read *a*
99,	2040,	for *quckenne* read *quickenne*
100,	2055,	*have* is repeated
103,	2113,	for *were* read *where*
104,	1140,	1140 ſhould be 2140: this error in the numeration in the MS. is continued to page 125, where it is rectified at 2520
105,	1164,	after *Brynge* read *me*
106,	1179,	after *ſhoud* read *like*
107,	1207,	after *goode* read *Lorde*
108,	1213,	for *threate* read *thereat*
—	1221,	after *fromme* read *your ſiſter*
110,	1252,	after *Mother* read *Earth*
112,	1290,	after *muche* read *come*
115,	1335,	for *Edm* read *Edg*
—	1341,	a period uſed
116,	1361,	for *fahomme* read *fathomme*
118,	1400,	after *like* read *a*
119,	1417,	after *they* read *lye*
120,	1432,	que.? ſhould not *toe* read *from*
—	1437,	for *ſhalle* read *ſhould*
121,	1442,	for *were* read *where:* in ſame line, after *are* read *they*
122,	1463,	after *that* read *whore*
123,	1494,	Lear ſpeaks, but the word *Lear* is omitted
126,	2534,	after *on* read *thee*
—	2544,	for *Sycke* read *pycke*
—	2547,	after *about* read *me*
127,	2559,	for *remebered* read *remembered*
—	2565,	after *Youre* read *Wife*

Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.

Page.	Line.	
128,	2579,	after *your* read *hand*
131,	2614,	after *wakes* ſhould not it be read *now*, not *how*?
132,	2631,	after *Leare* read *Pray*
133,	2663,	for *d* read *Ed*; 2664, for *g* read *Reg*; 2666, before *Inne* read *Edm*; 2667, before *Butte* read *Reg*; 2668, before *Noe* read *Edm*; 2669, before *I* read *Reg*; 2670, before *Feare* read *Edm*; 2671, for *elle* read *Welle*; 2672, for *he* read *The*; 2673, for *home* read *Whome*
134,	2673,	for *wihe* read *withe*
——	2689,	from this line to 2695, part of the MS. is rorn off, and the following words are ſupplied from the Quarto of 1608; 2689. for *lb* read *Alb*: 2690, for *g* read *Edg*; 2692, before *Fare* read *Alb*; 2694, for *e* read *Harde*; 2695, for *e* read *Bee*
138,	2744,	for *ſhalte* read *ſhalle*
139,	2754,	for *marde* read *marke*
140,	2761,	for *boſomme* read *bloſſomme*
141,	2781,	for *dſpoſe* read *diſpoſe*
——	2785,6,7,	part of the words are loſt in the MS., and the following words ſupplied: 2785, for *mn* read *Edm*; 2786, for *lb* read *Alb*; 2787, for *eg* read *Edm*
——	2788,	*Albany* ſpeaks, but the name is not inſerted
142,	2799,	after *naught* read *leſs*
——	2811,	after *Trumpette* read *then read out this*
143,	2812,	before *Iffe* read *Herald:* and in ſame line, for *qulytye* read *qualytye*
		line 2850 ſhould be 2840, but after follows 2860
146,	2894,	after *dydde* read *hate*
149,	2964,	for *qucklye* read *quicklye*
152,	3015,	for *welconne* read *welcomme*
——	3029,	for *Breathe* read *Breake*
155,	3038,	for *Freynſds* read *Freynds*
——	3048,	after *wee* read *feel*

HAMLET.

7,	2316,	after *is* read *it*
—	2320,	*Kylle a* is repeated.

WEE didde receive youre prettye Verſes
good Maſterre William through the hands
off oure Lorde Chambelayne ande wee doe
Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence
Wee ſhalle departe fromme Londonne toe
Hamptowne forre the holydayes where wee
Shalle expecte thee withe thye beſte Actorres
thatte thou mayſte playe before oureſelfe toe
amuſe uſſe bee notte ſlowe butte comme toe
uſſe bye Tueſdaye nexte aſſe the lorde
Leiſceſterre wille bee withe uſſe

Elizabeth R

Thys Letterre I dydde receyve fromme
mye moſte gracyouſe Ladye Elyzabethe
ande I doe requeſte itte maye bee
kepte withe alle care poſſyble

Wm Shakſpeare

For Maſter William
Shakſpeare
atte the Globe bye
Thames

Inne the Yeare o Chryſte

FORRE oure Trouble inne goynge toe Playe before the Lorde Leyceſterre ats houſe and oure greate Expenneces thereuponne 19 poundes

Receyvedde ofs Grace the Summe o 50 Poundes

Wm Shakſpeare

FORRE oure greate Trouble inne gettynge alle inne orderre forre the Lorde Leyceſterres Comynge ande oure Moneyes layde oute there uponne 59 Shyllynges

Receyvedde o Maſterre Hemynge forre thatte Nyghte 3 Poundes

Maſterre Lowinne 2 Shyllynges moure forre hys Goode Servyces ande welle playinge

Wm. S.

Note of Hand.

ONE Moneth from the date hereof I doe promyſe to paye to my good and Worthye Freynd John Hemynge the ſume of five Pounds and five ſhillings Engliſh Monye as a recompenſe for hys greate trouble in ſettling and doinge much for me at the Globe Theatre as alſo for hys trouble in going downe for me to ſtatford Witneſs my Hand

Wm Shakſpere

September
the Nynth 1589

RECEIVED of Maſter Wm Shakſpeare the Sum of five Pounds and five Shillings good Engliſh Money thys Nynth Day of October 1589

Jno Hemynge

Deareſſte Anna

AS thou haſte alwaye founde mee toe mye Worde moſte trewe ſoe thou ſhalt ſee I have ſtryctlye kepte mye promyſe I praye you perfume thys mye poore Locke withe thye balmye Eyſſes forre thenne indeede ſhalle Kynges themmeſelves bowe ande paye homage toe itte I doe aſſure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gyldedde bawble thatte envyronnes the heade of Majeſtye noe norre honourres moſte weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thyſſe mye lyttle worke forre thee The feelinge thatte dydde neareſte approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheſte untoe God meeke ande Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I love doe I cheryſhe thee inne mye hearte forre thou arte aſs a talle Cedarre ſtretchynge forthe its branches ande ſuccourynge ſmaller Plants fromme nyppynge Winneterre orr the boyſterouſe Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I wille ſee thee tille thenne Adewe ſweete Love Thyne everre

Wm Shakſpeare

Anna Hatherrewaye

Verſes to Anna Hatherreweye

1

IS there inne heavenne aught more rare
Thanne thou ſweete Nymphe of Avon fayre
Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
Thanne Willy Shakſpeare is toe you

2

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde
Stille dothe ſhe leave herre wealthe behynde
She neere the hearte canne forme anew
Norre make thye Willys love unnetrue

3

Though Age withe witherd hand doe ſtryke
The forme moſte fayre the face moſte bryghte
Stille dothe ſhe leave unnetouchedde ande trewe
Thy Willys love ande freynſhyppe too

4

Though deathe with neverre faylynge blowe
Dothe Manne ande babe alyke brynge lowe
Yette doth he take naughte butte hys due
Ande ſtrikes notte Willys hearte ſtille trewe

5

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre Age
Canne faythfulle Willys love aſſwage
Thenne doe I live ande dye forre you
Thy Willye ſyncere ande moſte trewe

Copye of mye Letter toe hys grace offe Southampton

Mye Lorde

DOE notte eſteeme me a ſluggarde nor tardye for thus havynge delayed to anſwerre or rather toe thank you for youre greate Bountye I doe aſſure you my graciouſe ande good Lorde that thryce I have eſſayed toe wryte and thryce mye efforts have benne fruitleſſe I knowe notte what toe ſaye Proſe Verſe alle all is naughte gratitude is alle I have toe utter and that is tooe greate ande tooe ſublyme a feeling for poore mortalls toe expreſſe O my Lord itte is a Budde which Blloſſommes Blooms butte never dyes itte cheriſhes ſweete Nature ande lulls the calme Breaſte toe ſofte ſofte repoſe Butte myo goode Lorde forgive thys mye departure fromme mye Subjecte which was toe retturne thankes and thankes I Doe retturne O excuſe mee mye Lorde more at preſente I cannotte

Yours devotedlye and withe due
reſpecte

Wm Shakſpeare

Deare Willam

I CANNOTTE doe leſſe than thanke you forre youre kynde Letterre butte Whye deareſt Freynd talke ſoe muche offe gratitude mye offerre was double the Somme butte you woulde accepte butte the halfe thereforre you neede notte ſpeake ſoe muche onn thatte Subjectte as I have beene thye Freynd ſoe will I continue aughte thatte I canne doe forre thee praye commande mee ande you ſhalle fynde mee

Yours

Julye the 4

Southampton

To the Globe Theatre
Forre Maſtr Willam
Shakſpeare

I BEYNGE nowe offe ſounde Mynde doe hope thatte thys mye wyſhe wille atte mye deathe bee acceeded toe as I nowe lyve in Londonne ande as mye ſoule maye perchance ſoone quitte thys poore Bodye it is mye deſire thatte inne ſuche caſe I maye bee carryed to mye native place ande thatte mye Bodye bee there quietlye interred wythe as little pompe as canne bee ande I doe nowe inne theeſe mye ſeyriouſe Moments make thys mye profeſſione of fayth and whiche I doe moſte ſolemnlye believe I doe fyrſte looke toe oune lovynge and greate God ande toe hys glorioufe ſonne Jeſus I doe alſoe beleyve thatte thys mye weake ande frayle Bodye wille retturne toe duſte butte forre mye ſoule lette God judge thatte as toe hymſſelfe ſhalle ſeeme meete O omnipotente ande greate God I am fulle offe Synne I doe notte thynke myſelfe worthye offe thye grace ande yette wille I hope forre evene the poore pryſonerre whenne bounde with gallyng Irons evenne hee wille hope for Pittye ande whenne the teares offe ſweete repentance bathe hys wretched pillowe he then looks ande hopes forre pardonne thenne rouze mye Soule ande lette hope thatte ſweete cheriſher offe alle afforde thee comforte alſoe O Manne whatte arte thou whye conſidereſte thou thyſelfe thus greatelye where are thye greate thye boaſted attrybutes buryed loſte forre everre inne colde Deathe. O Manne whye attempteſt

thou toe ſearche the greateneſſe offe the Almyghtye thou doſte butte looſe thye labourre more thou attempteſte more arte thou loſte tille thye poore weake thoughtes arre elevated toe theyre ſummite ande thence as ſnowe fromme the leffee Tree droppe ande diſſtylle themſelves tille theye are noe more O God Manne as I am frayle bye Nature fulle offe Synne yette greate God receyve me toe thye boſomme where alle is ſweete contente ande happyneſſe alle is blyſſe where diſcontente iſſe neverre hearde butte where oune Bonde offe freyndſhippe unytes alle Menne Forgive O Lorde alle oure ſynnes ande withe thye grete Goodneſſe take uſſe alle to thye Breaſte O cheriſhe uſſe like the ſweete Chickenne thatte under the coverte offe herre ſpreadynge Wings Receyves herre lyttle Broode ande hoveringe oerre themme keepes themme harmleſſe ande in ſafetye

Wm Shakſpeare

Letter to Richard Cowley.

Worthye Freynde

HAVYNGE alwaye accountedde thee a Pleaſaynte ande wittye Perſonne ande oune whoſe Companye I doe muche eſteeme I have ſente thee incloſedde a whymſycalle conceyte whiche I doe ſuppoſe thou wilt eaſylye diſcoverre butte ſhoudſt thou notte whye thenne I ſhalle ſette thee onne mye table offe *loggerre heades*

Youre trewe Freynde

Marche
nynthe

Wm Shakſpeare

Toe Maſterre Richard Cowleye
dwellynge atte oune Maſterre
Holliſs a draperre inne
the Wattlynge Streete
Londonne

I WILLIAM Shakspeare of Statford on Avon butt nowe livyng in London neare untoe a Yard calledd or knowne bye the name of Irelands yarde in the Blackfryars London nowe beyng att thys preaſaunte tyme of ſounde Mynde ande enjoyinge healthe of bodye doe make ande ordeyne thys as ande for mye deede of Gyfte for inn as as muche as life is mouſte precyouſe toe alle menne ſoe ſhoulde bee thatte perſonne who att the peryle of hys owne ſhalle ſave thatte of a fellowe Createure Bearyng thys inn Mynde ande havyng beene ſoe ſavedde myeſelfe I didd withe myne owne hande fyrſte wryte on Papere the conntennts hereof butte for the moure ſecurytye ande thatte noe dyſpute whatever myghte happenne afterre mye deathe I have nowe cauſedd the ſame toe bee written onn Parchemente and have heretoe duly ſett and affyxedd mye hande and Seale Whereas onne or abowte the thyrde daye of the laſte monethe beyng the monethe of Auguſte havynge withe mye goode freynde Maſterre William Henrye Irelande ande otherres taene boate neare untowe myne houſe afowreſayde wee dydd purpoſe goynge upp Thames butte thoſe thatte were ſoe toe conndućte us beynge muche toe merrye throughe Lyquorre theye didd upſette oure fowreſayde bayrge alle butte myeſelfe ſavedd themſelves bye ſwimmyng

for though the Waterre was deepe yette owre beynge cloſe nygh toe ſhore made itte lyttel dyffyculte for themm knowinge the fowreſayde Arte Maſterre William henrye Irelande notte ſeeynge mee dydd aſke for mee butte oune of the Companye dydd anſwerre thatte I was drownynge onn the whyche he pulledd off hys Jerrekynne and Jumpedd inn afterre mee withe muche paynes he draggedd mee forthe I beynge then nearelye deade and ſoe he dydd ſave mye life and for the whyche Service I doe herebye give hym as folowithe!!! fyrſte mye writtenn Playe of Henrye fowrthe Henrye fyfthe Kyng John Kyng Leare as allſoe mye written Playe neverr yett impryntedd whych I have named Kyng henrye thyrde of Englande alle the profytts of the whych are whollye toe bee for ſayde Ireland ande atte hys deathe thenne toe hys fyrſte Sonne namedd alſoe William henrye ande atte hys deathe toe hys brother ande ſoe onne butte inn case of faylure of Iſſue thenne toe the nexte of kynn ande ſoe on for everre inn hys lyne Ande I doe alſoe give untoe ſayde Ireland the Sum of ten Pounds as a preeſaunte oute of the whyche I doe require hym toe buye oune Rynge as a Remembraunce In Witneſſe whereof I have toe thys mye deede of Guyfte ſette mye hand and Seale in the preaſaunce of the twoe Witneſſes whoſe Names

are alſoe affyxedd toe the backe hereof thys fyve ande twentyethe daye of Octoberre beynge in the Yeare of oure Lorde one thouſande ſix hundrethe ande foure ande in the ſeconde Yeare of oure Soveraygne Lorde Kynge James 1604

William Shakſpeare

(L. S.)

Sealed and delyveredd in
the preſaunce of us

Jo: Edwards
Jos: Byggett

Deede of guyftte from Shakſpeare
toe Irelaunde

2 James

Tributary Lines to Ireland.

GIVENNE toe mye mouſte worthye
ande excellaunte Freynde Maſterre
William Henrye Irelande inne
Remembraunce of hys havynge
Savedde mye life whenne onne
Thames

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

Inne life wee
wille live togetherre
Deathe
ſhalle forre a lytelle
parte uſſe butte
Shakſpeares Soule reſteleſſe
inne the Grave ſhalle uppe
Agayne ande meete hys freynde hys

IRELAND

Inne the Bleſte Courte of Heavenne

O Modelle of Virretue Charytyes ſweeteſte
Chylde thye Shakſpeare thanks thee
Norre Verſe norre Sygh norre Teare canne
paynte mye Soule norre ſaye bye
halfe howe muche I love thee

Thyne

W^M^ SHAKSPEARE

Keepe thys forre mee ande ſhoude the Worlde
prove ſowerre rememberre oune lives thatte loves
the ſtylle

Agreement with John Lowine

ARTICLES of Agreemente Indented made and Agreed upon the ſeaventh day of November in the Yeare of the reigne of our ſoveraigne Lord James by the grace of God King of Englande Scotlande Fraunce and Irelande defendor of the faythe &c Viz. of England Fraunce and Ireland the ſixth And of Scotlande the two and fortieth **Betwene** John Lowine of London Gent of the one pte and William Shakſpeare late of Stratford on Avon in the Coy. of Warwicke Gent. butte who is nowe reſydynge in London of the other pte **Witneſſeth** that the sd. Jno. Lowine in conſideration of the covenaunts and agreements herein after contayned doth bind hymſelfe to and with the ſayd Wm Shakſpeare for the ſpace or term of four Yeares to playe upon the Stage for the sd. Wm. Shakſpeare as well thoſe Comedyes and Tragedyes which he has alreadye produced as thoſe whiche he may at anye tyme hereafter brynge forward ande likewiſe any other Playes which he the ſaide Wm. Shakſpeare maye at anye tyme cauſe to be played not written or compoſd bye hymſelfe but whiche are the Writyngs or compoſityons of others Ande the sd. Wm. Shakſpeare his Exs. Adss. Aſſigns doth herebye covenaunte ande agree to and with the sd. Jno. Lowine thatte he the sd. Wm. Shakſpeare will paye untoe hym ye ſayd Jno. Lowine the ſumme of oune Pounde ande ten Shillings per Week forre hys

the s^d^. Jno. Lowines ſervices before ment^d^. Butte it is herebye agreed thatte in caſe of Sickneſſe or anye other Impedymente thatte maye at anye tyme hereafter happenne thatte thenne the s^d^. Jno. Lowine ſhall notte be called upone to playe as aforeſayd butte ſhalle more over receive the ſayd Salarye **And Laſtlye** itte is herebye agreed betweene them thatte in caſe the s^d^. Jno. Lowine ſhoulde at anye tyme breake anye of the Covenaunts herein before agreed uponne thenne thatte he the s^d^. Jno. Lowine ſhalle paye untoe the s^d^. W^m^. Shakſpeare the ſumme of oune hundred Pounds and the s^d^. W^m^. Shakſpeare doth Covenaunte ande declare to and with the s^d^. Jno. Lowine to keepe alle the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon ande dothe alſoe promiſe toe paye untoe the ſayde Jno. Lowine the s^d^. Summe everye Saturdaye duringe the s^d^. Terme before twelve offe the Clocke at Nighte **In Witneſſe** whereof the s^d^. ptyes toe theſe preſants there handes and Seales have interchangeablye ſette the daye and Yeare firſte above writtenne

Willam Shakſpeare (L. S.)

Jno. Lowine (L. S.)

Sealed ande delyvered in the preſence of

R^o^: Willington
Alex: Amcotte

7th Nov: 6th Jam.

ARTICLES of agreement Indented and agreed upon this twentieth day of Maye in the Yeare of the Raigne of oure Soveraigne Lorde James by the grace of God Kinge of Englande Scotlande Fraunce and Irelande defend^{r}. of fayth &c Viz^{t}. of Englande Fraunce and Irelande the eyghth and of Scotlande the five ande fortyeth **Betweene** Henrye Condelle of Londonne Gen^{t}. of thone p^{te}. and W^{m}. Shakeſpeare late of Stratford on Avon in the Co^{y}. of Warwicke Gen^{t}: butte nowe livinge in Londonne of tother pte **Witneſſeth** that the s^{d}. H^{y}. Condelle in Conſideration of the Covenaunts and agreements herein after conteyned doth bynde hymſelfe to and with the s$_{d}$. W^{m}. Shakeſpeare for the further ſpace or terme of three yeares to play upon the Stage for the s$_{d}$. W^{m}. Shakſpeare alle Comedyes ande tragedyes whiche he the s^{d}. W^{m}. Shakſpeare may at any tyme during the s^{d}. terme cauſe to be played not written or compoſed by hymſelfe butte are the Writings or Compoſytyons of others Ande the s^{d}. W^{m}. Shakeſpeare hys Executors Adminiſtrators ande Aſſigns doth herebye covenaunte ande agree to ande withe the ſayd Henrye Condelle thatte he the ſayd William Shakeſpeare wille paye untoe hym the ſayd Henrye Condelle the Summe of oune Pounde and oune Shillynge per Weeke for hys the ſayd Henrye Condelles Services before mentyoned **But** it is

herebye agreed thatte in caſe of Sickneſſe or any other Impedymente thatte maye happenne thatte thenne the ſayde Henrye Condelle ſhalle notte be called upon to playe as aforeſayd butte ſhalle notwithſtandynge receyve the ſayd Salarye **And Laſtlye** it is herebye agreed betweene them thatte in caſe y^e^. s^d^. H^y^. Condelle ſhoulde at any tyme breake anye of the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon then thatte he ſhalle paye untoe the s^d^. W^m^. Shakeſpeare the ſumme of oune hundred Poundes and the ſayd W^m^. Shakſpeare for hymſelfe hys Ex^s^: Ad^s^: and aſſigns doth covenaunt promiſe ande agree to keepe all the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon ande doth alſoe promiſe to paye hym the ſayd H^y^. Condelle the ſayd ſumme every Saturdaye durynge the ſayd terme before twelve of the Clocke at Nyghte **In Witneſſe** whereof the ſayd pts to theſe Preſents have Interchangeablye ſett theyre hands & Seals the daye & Yeare firſt above Writtenne

William Shakſpeare (L.S.)

H^y^. Condelle (L.S.)

Sealed and delyvered in the Preſence of

Jno. Bruce

Jno. Slye

20th. Maye 9th: Jam^s^:

*Leaſe to Mich*l*. Fraſer and Eliz*th*. his Wife.*

THIS Indenture made the fourteenth daye of July in the yeares of the raigne of our Soveraigne Lord James by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland Kinge Defendor of the fayth vizt. of England France and Ireland the eight and of Scotland the forty forth **Betweene** Willam Shakeſpeare of Stratford on Avon in the County of Warwick Gent but now reſidynge in London and John Hemynge of London Gent of thone Pte and Michael Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife of the othere Pte **Wittneſſeth** that they the ſaid Willam Shakeſpeare and John Hemynge have demiſed leaſed graunted and to ferme letten and by theſe preſents do demiſe grant and to ferme lett unto the ſaid Michl. Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife all thoſe his two Meſſuages or tenements abutting cloſe to the Globe theatre by Black Fryers London ſometyme in the tenure or occupation of Henry Holland Gent and late of John Gregory Gent or his aſſignee or Aſſignees And alſo all thoſe two Gardens on the North ſide of the ſame which appertayne or belong thereto and which conteyne ſix Acres and an half be they more or leſs And all and ſingular Cellars Sollars Lights Eaſements Homes Profits Commodityes and appurtenaunts whatſoever to the ſaid dwelling houſes or tenements belonging or in any wiſe appertyning **To have And to hold** the ſaid dwel-

ling houſes tenements and all and ſingular other the premiſes in theſe preſents before ment^d. to be demiſed and part and parcel thereof with their appurt^s unto the ſaid Mich^l Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife their Ex^s. Adm^s. and Aſſigns from the Feaſt day of Saint Michael the Archangel which will next come after the date hereof unto and for the ende and terme of ſixty foure yeares from thence next enſuing & fullie to be compleate and ended without impeachm^t. of waſte **Yielding** and **paying** therefore Yrly and every Year during the ſaid term unto the ſaid Willam Shakeſpeare & John Hemynge the ſum of forty and foure Pounds of good Money of Englande to be payd half yrly the next payment to commence on the Feaſt day next following the date of theis Preſents. Provided always that if the s^d. Mich^l. Fraſer and Eliz^th. hys Wife theyr Ex^s. Ad^s. or Aſſigns or any of them do well and truly perform and Keep all & ſingular the s^d. covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon that then it ſhall and may be lawfull to and for the s^d. M^l. Fraſer and Eliz^th. hys Wife to enter into and enjoy the ſame but in caſe of non performance or non paym^t. of the ſame that then it ſhall be lawfulle to & for the s^d. Willam Shakeſpeare and John Hemynge again to have & enjoy the ſame **But** for the better performance of ye cov^ts. & agreem^ts. herein Conteyned he the s^d. Mic^l. Fraſer & Eliz^th.

hys wife do bind themſelves hymſelf & herſelf in the ſum of 200^{l}. in caſe of neglect or default of any of the agreements herein before conteyned And the s^{d}. W^{m}. Shakeſpeare & John Hemynge for themſelves theyr H^{s}. Ex^{s}. Ad^{s}. & Aſſigns ſhall & will clearlye exonerate & diſcharge from tyme to tyme the s^{d}. M^{l}. Fraſer & Elizth. hys wife from the Paym^{t}. of ſuch Rent & well & ſufficientlye keep harmleſs the s^{d}. M^{l}. Fraſer & Elizth. hys wife theyr Ex^{s}· Ad^{s}. & Aſſigns & every of them of & from all incumbres whatſoever by them the s^{d}. W^{m}. Shakeſpeare & Jno. Hemynge at any tyme before committed or done except the fee or fees to the cheef Lord of the Premes for or in reſpecte of his Segnorye onlie to be due & done **In wittneſſe** whereof the s^{d}. Ptes to theſe Indres Interchangeablie have ſett their hands & Seales the daye & yeare firſt above Written: Anno-Dom (1610)

William Shakſpeare (L.S.)

Mic^{l}. Fraſer (L.S.)

Jo: Meer
W^{m}. Danee

14th July. 8 Jam^{s}.

Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge.

I WILLIAM Shakſpeare being of Stratforde on Avon but now living in Londonn doe make and orderr this as and for mye Deede of gifte Having founde muche wickedneſs amongſte thoſe of the lawe and not liking to leave matterrs at theyre wills I have herein named a truſty and tried friende who ſhall afterr mye dethe execute withe care myne orderrs herein given But in caſe I ſhoulde att any tyme hereafterr make a Will as perrchaunce I ſhall in manner of forme I have lefte ſome things nott herein given or diſpoſedd of thatt maye ſerve toe fylle upp ſaid Will and therebye cauſe no hyndraunce in the Executyonn of thys mye deede of gifte But ſho^{d}. I nott chaunce make a will thenn I doe give all ſuche thyngs afs^{d}. nott herein ment^{d}. unto mye lovynge Daughterr and herr heyres for everr—Firſte untoe mye deare Wife I doe orderr as folowithe thatt ſhe bee payde withinne oune monthe afterre mye dethe the ſomme of oune hondrythe and fowre ſcore Pounds fromm the moneys whyche be nowe laynge onn Accompte of the Globe Theatre inn the hands of Maſter John Hemynge Alſoe I doe give herr mye ſuyte of greye Vellvett edged withe Silverr tog^{r} withe mye lyttelle Cedarr Trunke in wyche there bee three Rynges oune lyttell payntyng of myſelfe in a ſilverr Caſe & ſevenn letterrs wrottenn to her before oure Marryage theſe I doe beg herr toe keepe ſafe if everr

ſhe dydd love me—Toe mye deare Daughterr who hathe alwaye demeaned herrſelfe well I doe give as folowithe the ſomme of twentye Pounds and ſevenne ſhyllyngs thys muſte bee payde herr withinne two Months afterr mye dethe & for rayſyng s^{d}. ſumme of 20^{l}. & ſevenne ſhyllyngs I doe herebye orderr Maſterr hemynge toe ſell mye ſhare of the two houſes neare the Globe butt ſho^{d}. thatt nott bee enough thenne I doe orderr him toe make itt upp oute of the Moneys inn hys hands onne Accompte of the Theatre— I doe allſo give herr mye ſuyte of blacke ſilke & the Rynge whyche I doe alwaye weare givenne toe mee bye hys Grace of Southampton thys I doe beg herr as ſhe dothe love mee neverr toe parte fromm Toe mye good Cowleye whom I muche eſteeme & who hathe alwaye loved mee I doe orderr as folowithe thatt Maſterr Hemynge doe paye toe hym the ſomme of five Pounds & thatt he doo alſoe delyverr toe hymm fromm the Oakenn Cheſte att oure Globe Theatre mye Playes hereafterr ment^{d}. Mye Tempeſte Mye Mydſomerrs dreme. Mackbethe. Henrye viii & mye altered Playe of Titus Andronicus all written bye myeſelfe & placed inn s^{d}. Cheſte as of uſuage att oure Theatre & ſho^{d}. they bee everr agayne Impryntedd I doe orderr thatt theye bee ſoe donn from theſe mye true writtenn Playes & nott from thoſe nowe prynted all the profytts comynge

from ſuche newe pryntyng theſe 5 are wholly toe belonge toe Cowleye and hys hrs for everre. Toe Maſterr Lowinne oure beſte Actorr I doe orderr as folowithe y^e. lyke ſomm of 5^l. to be p^d. bye Hemynge & thatt hee delyverr toe hymm the Playes thatt doe followe Mye moche adoe aboute noethynge The Wives of Windſore. Rycharde ye 3^d. as allſo mye Coryolanus All theſe 4 I doe give inn ſame manner & withe ſame powerrs as to Cowleye. Toe Maſterr Conndell who hathe done me manye ſerrvices I doe orderr as folowithe thatt hee bee allſo p^d. y^e ſomm of 5^l. & thatt hee bee forrgivenn ye debte of 3^l. & 9 ſhyllyngs thatt hee dothe owe toe mee & thatt he Rememberr mee afterr mye dethe I doe herebye orderr hymm a plaine Golde Rynge of ye worthe of 20 ſhyllyngs Toe mye good Kempe I doe give 3^l. & a gold Rynge itt muſte bee lyke Value 20^s. Toe Maſterr Burbage I give as folowithe from the Cheſte afs^d. mye 2 Playes of Cymbelyne & Othello together withe mye choſe Interrlude neverr yette Impryntedd & wrottenn for & bye deſyre of oure late gracyowſe & belovedd Quene Eliſabethe called ye Virginn Quene & playde 3 tymes before herreſelfe att the Revells ye profytts fromm pryntyng ſame toe bee whollye for s^d. Burbage & hys hrs ſhoulde hee thynke fyttenne ſoe toe doe. Toe mye pleaſaunte & wittye Maſterr Armynne I doe give y^e ſomm

of 5^{l}. toe bee p^{d}. toe hymme bye mye Maſterr Hemynge Toe Maſterr Shancke I doe give 37 ſhyllyngs as allſoe a Rynge Value 18 ſhyllyngs itt muſte allſoe bee of Golde. Toe Maſterr Ryce I doe give 49 ſhyllyngs as allſoe mye greene ſloppd Suyte of Vellvette. Toe Maſter Greggs inn ye Borowgh I doe give y^{e} ſomm of 3^{l}. as allſoe mye two Clothe ſuytes whyche bee nowe inn hys howſe. Toe hys littſe ſonne namedd Jonas Greggs I doe give 15 ſhyllyngs for ye troble he hathe hadd inn goynge often tymes withe letterrs toe ye Globe All theſe ſomms toe bee p^{d}. bye John Hemynge withinne 3 Moneths afterr mye dethe And laſtlye toe mye freynde John Hemynge who hathe ye manygyng all mye matterrs att ye Globe & toe whoſe truſte I give thys mye deede of Guyfte truſtyng hee will ſee itt faythfullye executed & performe evry thynge accordynge toe mye deſyres payinge evry ſomm herein ment^{d}. att y^{e}. ſev^{l}. tymes & toe y^{e} ſev^{l}. Perrſons herein namedd Secondlye thatt hee doe give upp y^{e} ſev^{l}. Playes wrytten bye myeſelfe & whiche I have herein diſpoſed of Allſoe thatt hee doe ſee y^{e} ſev^{l}. Ryngs ſuytes & evry otherr thynge givenn accordyng toe mye wiſhe. And as a Recompence forr ye troble hee will have in ſeeynge thys mye deede ryghtlye executedd I doe herebye orderr thatt hee doe take for hymſelf y^{e} ſomm of 10^{l}. & 20 ſhyllyngs toe buye hymm

a Golde Rynge I allſoe give hymm oute of sd. Cheſtt ye Playes folowg. Mye Gentlemenn of Verona alterrd mye Meaſure for Meaſure Comedye of Errorrs Merrchaunte of Venice Togetherr withe mye newe Playe neverr yette imprynted called Kynge Hy. vii theſe toe bee whollye for sd. J. Hemynge And as there wille ſtille remayne in hys hands 287l. & 14 ſhyllyngs I furtherr orderr hym toe brynge upp thatt Chylde of whom wee have ſpokenn butt who muſte nott be named here & to doe ſame I deſyre hym toe place owte sd. Moneye in ye beſte waye he cann doe tylle sd. Child ſhall be of Age fyttenn toe receyve sd. Moneye & withe whatte ſhall comm uppon sd. Moneye ſoe toe Inſtructe hym as aforeſayde I allſo orderr Maſterr Hemynge toe ſelle mye three howſes inn ye Borowghe & toe putt oute ye. Moneye comynge from ſame forr sd. Childe I allſoe give toe sd. Chylde ye eyghte Playes thatt bee ſtylle inne sd. Cheſte as allſo mye otherr Playe neverr yett Impryntedd called Kynge Vorrtygerne thys as allſo ye otherr eyghte toe bee whollye forr ye benyfytte of sd. Chylde as welle ye pryntynge as playinge ſame and ſhoulde I chaunce write more as bye Gods helpe & grace I hope toe doe I herebye give ye Profytts of evry Kynde comynge fromm anye ſuche newe playes orr otherr Wrytyngs unntoe sd. Chylde & hys heires forr everre truſtynge toe mye freynde

Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge.

John Hemynges honorr and allſo onn hys promys of beynge clouſe of ſpeeche inn thys laſte Matterr I have toe thys mye deede of gifte dulye ſette mye hande & ſeale in the preſaunce of three Witneſſes this 23^{d}. daye of februarye beynge the nynthe Yere of oure ſoveraygne Lord Kynge James & in ye Yere of Chriſte 1611

By me William Shakſpeare
(L. S.)

Signed Sealed & delyvered
in ye preſaunce of us

W^{m}. Fenere
Saml. Jordon
W^{m}. Leiche

Deede of Guyfte fromm
Shakeſpeare toe otherrs
9 James
1611

TRAGEDYE

OF

KYNGE LEARE

Iſse fromme Maſterre Hollinneſhedde I have
inne ſomme lyttle deparretedde fromme
hymme butte thatte Libbertye will notte
I truſte be blamedde bye mye gentle
Readerres

Wᵐ Shakſpeare

KYNGE LEARE.

Enterre Kent Gloſter ande Edmunde

Kent I thoughte oure Kinge had more affectedde the
Duke of Albanye thanne Cornwalle
Glo So didde itte everre ſeeme to uſse Butte nowe inne the divyſyonne of the Kyngdomme itte appeares notte
which of theſe Dukes he Values moſte forre Qualytyes
are ſoe weyghd thatte curyoſytye inne neytherre canne make choyce of thothers Moietye
Kent Is notte thys youre Sonne Mye Lorde
Glo Hys bryngyng uppe Sir hathe layd atte mye Charge
I have ſoe oftenne bluſhd toe acknowlegdge hymme thatte
Nowe I am brayzd tot
Kent I doe notte conceyve you
Glo Goode Sir thys younge fellows Motherre could uponne
the whyche ſhe became rounde wombd ande hadde

indeede Sir a Sonne forre herre cradle eere ſhe had a huſbande forre herre Bedde Doe you nowe ſmelle the faulte

Kent I nere canne wiſhe the faulte undonne Its Iſſue beynge thuſse properre

Glo Butte I have * a Sonne Sir bye orderre of Lawe olderre bye Yeares thanne thys who is no dearer inne mye Accounte though thys Knave came ſomewhatte ſawcylye intoe the World eere he was ſente forre yette was hys Motherre fayre there was excellente ſporte atte hys makynge Ande the Whoreſonne muſte bee acknowleggedde Knowe you thys Nobleman Edmonne

Edm Noe mye goode Lorde

Glo Mye Lorde of Kente Ande Rememberre hym hereafterre as my honourable Freynde

Edm Mye dutye toe youre Lordſhyppe

Kent I muſte love you ande knowe toe ſue you betterre

Edm Sir I ſhalle ſtudye deſervynge

* *a* is omitted in the MS.

Glo He hathe beene abſente nyne Yeares ande agayne he
Shalle hye hymme The Kynge iſse comynge

Enterre Kynge Cornwalle Albanye Gonerille Reganne Cordelia ande Attendaunts

Leare Attende the Lordes of Fraunce and Burgannedye
Glo I ſhalle mye Lorde *Gloſterre Exitte*
Leare Meane tyme wee ſhalle make knowne oure darkerre Purpoſe
Give mee the Mappe here Knowe thatte wee have parcelledde
Intoe three oure Kyngdomme Ande tis oure fixt Intente
Toe ſhake alle Cares ande Buſyneſse fromme oure Age
Diſpoſynge themme onne Youngerre Strengthes while wee
Unburthennd crawle towarde Deathe Oure Sonne of Cornwalle
Ande you oure noe leſse lovynge Sonne of Albanye
Thys houre we ſhalle our conſtante Will make knowne
Oure Daughterrs ſeveralle dowerres thatte future Strife

Maye bee prevennetedde nowe The Prynce of Fraunce ande Burgandye
Greate Ryvalles inne oure Youngerre Daughterres love
Long inne oure Courte have made theyre amorouſe ſojourne
And ſhalle ſtreyghte be anſweredde Telle me mye Daughterres
Synce wee ſhalle nowe diveſte uſe both of Rule.
Cares of State ande Intereſte of Terrytorye
The whiche of you thenne dothe love uſe moſte
Thatte wee oure greateſte bounty maye extende
Where nature doth withe meritte Challenge
Oure eldeſte borne ſpeake fyrſte
Gon Sir I love you more thanne Word canne wielde the Matter
Dearere thanne eye Syghte ſpace ande Libertye
Beyonde whatte canne bee valuedde riche or rare
Noe leſſe thanne life withe beautye healthe grace honoure
As muche as Childe eere lovd or Fatherre founde
A love thatte makes breathe poore ande Speeche unable
Naye beyond alle things of ſo muche I love you
Cor Whatte muſte Cordelia ſaye Love ande be ſilente
Leare Of alle theſe boundes fromme thys lyne evenne toe thys

With ſhadowaye Foreſtes and withe Champyonnes rich
Withe plenneteouſe Riverres ande wide ſkirtedde Meades
Wee make thee Ladye To thyne ande Albanys Iſſues
Bee thys perpetualle Whatte ſayes oure ſeconde Daughterre
Our deareſte Reganne Wife of Cornwalle
Reg I am made of thatte ſelfe Metalle as mye Syſtterre
Ande prize mee atte herre worthe In mye true hearte
I fynde ſhe Names mye verye deede of Love
Onlye ſhe comes too ſhorte thatte I profeſſe
Myeselfe an Enemye toe alle otherre joyes
Whiche the moſte precyouſe ſquare of Senſe profeſſeſse
Ande fynde I am alone felyſytate
Inne youre dear hyghneſse love
Cor Thenne poore Cordelya
Ande yette notte ſoe ſynce I amme ſure mye loves
More ponnederouſe thanne mye tongue
Leare Toe thee ande thyne heredytarye everre
Bee thys ample thirde of oure Kyngdomme
Noe leſe inne ſpace valydytye ande Pleaſure
Thanne thatte confeerd onne Gonerylle Nowe oure Joye
Allthough oure laſte ande leaſte toe whoſe younge love

The vines of Fraunce ande Milke of Burgannedye
Strive toe bee Intereſte nowe Whatte doe you ſaye toe drawe
A thirde more opulente thanne youre Syſterres ſpeake
Cor Nothynge mye Lorde
Leare Nothynge
Cor Noe Noethynge
Leare Noethynge wille come of noethynge ſpeake agayne
Cor Unhappe thatte I amme I cannotte have
Mye hearte intoe mye Mouthe I love your Majeſtye
Accordynge toe mye bonde noe more norre leſſe
Leare How nowe Cordelya Looke you mende your Speeche a lyttle
Leaſte you marre youre Fortunes
Cor Goode mye Lorde
You dydde begette mee you bredde mee ande lovd mee
I retturne thoſe dutyes backe aſs are ryghte fitte
Obeye you love you and moſte honourre you
Whye have mye Siſterres huſbanndes iffe theye ſaye
Theye love you alle Happylye whenne I ſhalle wedde
Thatte Lorde whoſe hand muſte take mye plyghte ſhalle carrye
Halfe mye love with hymme halfe mye Care ande Dutye

Sure I ſhalle neverre marrye lyke mye Syſterres
Leare Butte goes thye hearte with thyſee
Cor Aye mye goode Lorde
Leare Whatte ſoe younge ande ſo unnetennederre
Cor Soe Younge mye Lorde ande true
Leare Lette itte bee ſoe thye truth thenne bee thye dowerre
Forre bye the ſacredde raydyaunce of the Sunne
The myſtyryes of Hecate ande the Nyghte
Bye alle the Operatyonnes of the Orbs
Fromme whome wee doe exiſte ande ceaſe toe bee
Here I diſclayme alle mye Paternalle care
Propinnequitye ande Propertye of bloode
Ande aſse a Straungerre toe mye hearte ande mee
Hold thee fromme uſs forre everre The Barbarouſe Seythyanne
Or hee thatte makes hys generatyonne Meſses
Toe gorge hys Appetyte ſhalle toe mye boſomme
Bee as welle neyghbourde Pyityedde ande releyvd
As thou mye ſometyme Daughterre
Kente Goode mye Leiyge
Leare Peace Kente
Come notte betweene the Dragonne and hys wrathe
I lovd herre mouſte ande thoughte toe ſette mye reſte
Onne herre kynde nurſerye hence ande avoyde mye ſyghte
Soe bee mye Grave mye Peace as here I give

Her Fatherres hearte fromme herre call Fraunce who ſtyrres
Call burgannedye Cornewalle ande Albanye
Withe mye twoe Daughterres dowerres dygeſte the thyrde
Lette Pride whiche ſhe calls playneneſſe marrye herre
I doe inveſte you joyntelye with mye Powerre
Domynyonne Ande alle the large Effects
Thatte troope withe Majeſtye Ourſelfe bye Monthlye courſe
Withe reſerrevaytyonne of an hundredde Knyghtes bye you toe bee ſuſtaynd ſhalle oure abode
Make wythe you bye due turne onlye wee ſhalle retayne
The Nayme ande alle the addytyonne toe a Kynge the Swaye
Revennue Executyonne of the reſte
Belovedde Sownes bee youres whyche toe conne-fyrme
Thyſse Coronette parte betweene you
Kent Royal Syre
Whom I have everre honourde as a Kynge
Lovd as mye Fatherre as mye Maſterre followed
Ande as mye Patronne thoughte onne inne mye Prayerres
Leare The Bowe is bente thereforre awaye fromme the Shafte
Kente Lette itte falle ratherre though the Forke invade

The Reygonne of mye hearte be thou unmannerlye Kente
Whenne Leare is madde whatte wouldſt thou doe old Manne
Thinkſt thou thatte dutye ſhalle have dreade toe ſpeake
Whenne Powerre toe flatterye bowes
Toe Playnneſse honnours bownde
Whenne the Kynge falls toe follye reſerve thye State
Ande the beſte conſideratyonne checke
Thys hydeouſe raſheneſse anſwerre mye life mye Judgemente
Thye Youngeste Daughterre dos notte love thee leaste
Norre are those windye heartedde whose lowe soundes
Reverrebe noe hollowneſſe
Leare Kente onne thye life noe more
Kente Mye life I neverre helde butte as a pawne
Toe wage agaynste thyne enemyies neere feare toe lose itte
Thye safetye beynge motive
Leare Quitte mye Syghte
Kente See betterre ande lette mee stylle remayne
The trewe blanke of thyne Eye
Leare Nowe bye Apollo
Kente Nowe bye Apollo Leare
Thou swearste the Goddes inne Vayne

Leare O vaſſalle miſſecreante
Alb Deare Sir forrebeare
Kente Kylle thye Physycyanne ande thye fee bestowe
Uponne the Soule dysease revoke thye Gifte
Orre whilste I canne vente clammourre fromme mye throate
Ille saye thou doste Evylle
Leare Heare mee vile Slave onne thyne Allegyaunce heare mee
Thatte thou haste soughte toe make uſse breake oure Vowes
Whiche wee durſte neverre yette ande with ſtraynde Pride
Toe come betwixte oure Sennetaunce and oure Powerre
Whiche neytherre Nature norre oure Place canne beare
Oure Potencye made godde take thye rewarde
Five dayes wee doe give thee forre provyſyonne
Toe keepe thee fromme dyſaſterres of the Worlde
Ande uponne the ſyxthe toe turne thye haytedde backe
Uponne oure Kyngdomme iffe the tenthe daye followinge
Thye banyſhedde trunke be founde inne our Domynyonnes
Thatte momente iſse thye Deathe awaye bye Apollo

Thys ſhall notte bee revokedde
Kent Fare thee welle Kinge ſythe thuſse thou wilt appeare
Fredomme lives hence ande banyſhmente is here
The Gods toe theyre deare Shelterre take thee mayde
Thatte juſtlye thynkes ande hathe mouſte rightlye ſayde
Ande youre large Speeches maye youre deedes approve
Thatte godd Effects maye ſprynge fromme Words of Love
Thuſse Kente thenne Prinneces biddes you alle adieu
Hele ſhape hys oulde courſe inne a Countrye newe

Enterre Gloſterre withe Fraunce ande Burgannedye and Attennedauntes

Cor Heres Fraunce and Burgannedye mye noble Lorde
Leare Mye Lorde of Burgannedye
Wee firſte addreſse towarde you who withe thys Kynge
Hathe ryvalld forre oure Daughterre whatte inne the leaſte
Wille you require inne preſente Dowre withe herre

Orre ceaſe youre queſte of Love
Bur. Moſte Royalle Majeſsetye
I wille noe more thanne whatte youre hyghneſse offerrde
Norre wille you tenderre leſse
Leare Ryghte noble Burgannedye whenne ſhe was deare toe uſſe
We helde herre ſoe
Butte nowe herre worthe iſse fallenne Sir there ſhe ſtands
Iffe aught withinne thatte lyttle ſeemynge Subſtance
Or alle of itte with oure dyſpleaſure peacd
Ande noethynge more maye fittelye lyke youre Grace
Sheſe there ande ſhee iſse youres
Bur I knowe noe anſwerre
Leare Wille you withe thoſe Innefyrmytyes ſhe owes
Unnefreynnededde newe adoppetedde toe oure hate
Dowrd with oure curſe and ſtrannegerde with oure Oathe
Take leave or leave herre
Bur Pardonne mee Royalle Sir
Electyonne makes notte uppe onne ſuche Conne-dytyonnes
Leare Thenne leave herre Sir forre bye the powerre thatte made me
I telle you alle herre Wealthe Forre you greate Kynge

I woulde notte fromme youre love make ſuche a ſtraye
Toe matche you where I hate thereforre beſeeche you
Toe turne youre lykynge a more worrethyerre waye
Thanne onne a Wretche whome Nature iſse aſhamd
Almoſte t'acknowleydge herre
Fra Thys iſse moſte ſtrange
Thatte ſhee who butte nowe was youre beſte Objectte
The argumente of youre Prayſe balme of youre Age
The beſte the dearyſte ſhoude inne thys tryce offe tyme
Commyttee a thynge ſoe monſtrouſe toe dyſmantle
Soe many foldes offe favourre ſure herre Offence
Muſte bee offe ſuche unnenaturalle degree
Thatte Monſterres itte Or youre fore-voucht affectyonne
Falle intoe taynte whiche toe beleyve offe herre
Muſte bee a faythe thatte Reaſonne withoute Mirracle
Shoulde neverre plante inne mee
Cor I yette beſeeche youre Majeſtye
Iffe forre I wante thatte glibbe ande Oylye Arte
Toe ſpeake ande purpoſe notte ſince whatte I wille innetende
I'll dot eere I ſpeake thatte you make knowne

Itte iſse noe vycyouſe blotte Murtherre or Foulenefse
Noe unnechaſte Actyonne or dyshonorredde Steppe
Thatte hathe depryvedde mee of youre Grace ande favoure
Butte fore wante of thatte alone fore whiche I amme richerre
A ſtille ſolycytynge Eye ande ſuche a Tongue
Thatte I amme gladde I have notte though toe have itte notte
Hathe loſte mee inne youre lykynge
Leare Betterre thou hadſt notte beene borne
Thanne notte toe have pleasd mee betterre
Fra Iſse itte thenne butte thys A tardyneſse in Nature
Whiche oft tymes leaves the Hyſtorye unneſpoke
Thatte itte innetendes toe doe mye Lorde of Burgannedye
Whatte ſaye you toe the Ladye Loves notte Love
Whenne tis mingledde withe regardes thatte ſtande
Aloofe fromme the innetyre poynte wille you have herre
She iſse herſelfe a Dowrye
Bur Royalle Kynge
Give butte thatte portyonne whiche youreſelfe proposd
Ande here I take Cordelya bye the Hande
Dutcheſse offe Burgannedye
Leare Nothynge I have ſworne ande ſtill I am fyrme

Bur I amme ſorrye thenne thatte you have ſoe
loſte a Fatherre
Thatte you muſte loſe a Huſbande
Cor Peace bee withe Burgannedye
Synce thatte reſpecte ande forretunes are hys love
Itte willes nıee notte toe bee hys wife
Fra Fayreſte Cordelya thou arte moſte riche
beynge poore
Moſte choyce forreſaykenne ande moſte lovd
deſpisd
Thee and thye Virretues here doe I ſeyze uponne
Bee itte lawfulle I take uppe whats caſte away
O Goddes Tis ſtrange thatte fromme theyre coldſt
neglecte
My love ſhould Kynnedle toe innflaymedde re-
ſpecte
Thye dowerreleſse Daughterre Kynge throwne toe
mye chaunce
Iſse Queene of uſse of ourſe ande oure fayre Fraunce
Notte alle the Dukes of wariſhe Burregannedye
Canne buye thys unnepryzedde Mayde of mee
Bydde themme farewelle Cordelya though unne-
kynde
Thou looſeſte here a betterre where toe fynde
Leare Take herre Fraunce ande lette herre be
thyne for wee
Have noe ſuche Daughterre norre ſhalle everre
ſee

Thatte face of herſe agayne thereforre bee gone
Withoute oure love oure Grayce orre benyzonne
Come Noble Burregannedye
Fra Bydde farewelle toe youre Syſterres
Cor The Jewelles offe oure Fatherre with waſhd Eyeſe
Cordelya leaves you I knowe you *thatte* you are
And lyke a Syſterre amme mouſte loathe toe calle
Youre faults as theye are namedde Love welle oure Fatherre
Toe youre profeſſedde boſommes I commyte hymme
Butte yette ſtoode I withinne hys Grayce
I woulde preferre hymme toe a betterre place
Soe farewelle toe you bothe
Reg Spare uſſe wee knowe oure dutye
Gonne Lette youre Studye
Bee toe connetente youre Lorde who hath receyved you
Atte fortunes Almes you have obedyence ſcannetedde
Ande welle are worthe the wante thatte you have wantedde
Cor Tyme ſhall innforme what plyghtedde cunnynge hydes
Who coverres faultes atte laſte with ſhame derydes
Welle maye you proſperre
Fra Comme thenne fayreſte Cordelya

Gonne Syſterre itte iſſe notte lyttle I have toe ſaye
Offe whatte mouſte nearelye appertaynes toe uſſe bothe
I thynke oure Fatherre will hence toe Nyghte
Reg Thatts moſte certayne ande with you butte nexte with uſse
Gon Doe you marke how hys Age changes whatte Obſerrevatyonne
We have made oft hath beene ſmalle hee everre lovd oure
Syſterre mouſte ande withe whatte ſhallowe Judgemente
Hee hathe nowe caſte herre offe appeares but too groſſelye
Reg Thatts the Innefyrmytye ofs Age yette hath he alwaye
butte ſlennederrelye knowne hymſelfe
Gonne The beſte ande ſoundeſte of hys tyme hath benne butte
raſheneſse whiche innefyrme ande cholerycke Yeares
brynge withe themme
Reg Suche unneconneſtante ſtartes aſſe thys of Kentes
banyſhemente are wee lykelye toe have fromme hymme
Gonne Yette more Commeplemente iſſe there twixt Fraunce ande

Hymme praye lette uſſe ſytte togetherre iffe oure fatherre
beare Authorytye whye thyſſe laſte ſurrennederre
of hys Wille dothe butte offende uſse

SECOUNDE SCEANE

Baſterde comes forrewarde

Bas Thou Nature arte mye Goddeſse toe the Lawe
Mye ſerrevyceſse ſtande bounde Wherrefore ſhoud I
Reſte inne the Plague of Cuſtomme ande permytte
The Curyoſytye of Natyonnes toe depryve mee
Cauſe thatte I amme ſome twelve orre foureteene Moonſhynes
Lagge of mye brotherre Whye Baſterde wherefore baſe
Whenne mye dymenneſyonnes are as welle commepacte
Mye Mynde as generouſe ande mye ſhape as true
As honeſte Manns Iſſue whye brande theye thuſse
Withe baſe withe baſeneſse baſterdye—baſe baſe
Who inne the luſtye ſtealthe of Nature take
More Compoſytyonne ande feyrce Qualytye
Thanne dothe withinne a dulle ſtayle tyredde Bedde
Goe the creatynge a whole trybe of foppes
Gotte twixt ſleep ande awake Welle thenne

Legytymyte Edgarre I muſte have youre Lande
Oure Fatherres love iſſe toe the baſterrede Edmunde
As toe the legytymate fyne worde legytymate
Welle mye legytymate iffe thys Letterre ſpeede
Ande mye Innevennetyonne thrive Edmunde the baſe
Shalle toe the legytymate I growe I proſperre
Nowe Goddes ſtande uppe forre baſtardes

Enterre Glouceſsterre

Glo Kente banyſhd thus ande Fraunce toe inne Cholerre parretedde
Ande the Kynge gone toe Nyghte Preſcribd hys powerre
Confynd toe exhybytyonne Alle iſſe gone
Uponne the Gadde Edmunde howe nowe whatte Newes
Bas Soe Pleaſe youre Lordſhyppe none
Glo Whye woudſt thou ſoe eareneſtelye cloake thatte Letterre
B I knowe noe Newes mye Lorde
Glo Whatte Paperre were you readynge
B Nothynge mye Lorde
Glo Howe ſoe whye thenne thatte terrible dyspatche of itte noe
thynge hathe noe ſuche neede toe hyde itteſelfe Comme

Letts ſee ift tis naughte I neede notte Spectacles
Bas Praye you parredonne mee Sir itte iſſe butte fromme mye
brotherre ande I have notte alle oere reade ande forre
thatte I have perusd Itte fyttes notte youre oere lookynge
Glo Give mee the Letterre Sir
Bas I ſhalle offeynde eytherre toe detayne orre give itte
The Connetentes aſſe inne parte I underſtand themme
Are muche too blame
Glo Lets ſee Lets ſee I ſaye
Bas I hope forre mye brotherres goode thys was butte anne
Eſsaye forre proofe offe mye Virretue
Glo *Readynge* Ths Polycye ande Reverannce of Age
makes the Worlde betterre ande keeps oure fortunes fromme
uſſe tille wee cannotte relliſhe themme I ginne toe
fynde an Idle ande fonde bonnedage inne the weyghte
of agedde tyrannye who ſwayes notte as itte hath powerre
butte as tis ſufferedde Comme toe mee thatte of thyſse
I maye ſpeake more Iffe oure Fatherre woulde ſleepe

tille I wakd hymme you ſhould enjore halfe hys
Revennewe forre everre ande bee the belovedde of
youre
brotherre Edgar. Soe Soe Conſpyracye Sleepe
tille I wake hym you ſhould enjoye halfe hys Re-
vennewe
Mye Sonne Edgar hath hee a hand for ths Or a
hearte
toe Fatherre itte Whenne had you ths who
broughte itte
Bas Mye Lorde itte was notte broughte mee
theres the
cunnynge oft I founde itte throwne inne atte the
Caſemente of mye Cloſette
Glo You knowe the Characterre toe bee hys
B Iffe theyre Importe were godde mye Lorde
I durſte ſweare
itte were hys butte inne reſpecte of thatte I fayne
woud
thynke twere notte
Glo O tis hys
B Tis hys hande mye Lorde butte hys hearte
wills
Notte the Connetentes
Glo Hath he nere ſpoke of ths before
Bas Neverre mye Lorde butte hee hathe oft
ſayde twere
fytte thatte Sonnes atte perrefecte Age and Fatherres

declynd the Fatherre ſhoud bee Warde toe the Sonne
Ande hee manage hys Revennewe
Glo O Villayne The verye Opynyonne ofs Letterre O deteſsetedde
ande unnenaturalle Villayne worſe thanne brutyſhe
Goe ſeeke hym Ile apprehende hym where is hee
Bas I knowe notte mye Lorde ift ſhalle pleaſe you ſuſſepende
awhile youre Innedygnatyonne agaynſte mye brotherre
tille you fynde betterre proofe ofs innetente forre
ſhoud you vyolentelye proceede agaynſte hymme
myſtakynge ofs purpoſe itte woude make a greate
gappe inne youre honourre ande ſhake the hearte of
hys obedyence I dare pawne myne owne life thatte
hee hath writte thys betterre toe knowe mye Love
toe youre honourre ande toe noe otherre dangerre
Glo Thynke you ſoe
Bas Shoud you judge itte meete I wille place you where
you ſhalle heare uſſe conferre onne the affayre
Ande bye Auryculayre aſsuraunce fynde Satysfactyonne
ande with noe longerre delaye thanne thys Evenynge
Glo Edmunde ſeeke hym oute he is noe ſuche Monſterre

I praye you lette mee well intoe hym ande dot afterre

Youre owne Wiſdomme I would unneſtate myeſelfe toe bee inne due reſulutyonne

Bas I wille ſeeke hym Sir and forre the buſyneſse acquainte You withe alle

Glo The late Eclypſeſse inne the Sunne ande Moone portende noe goode toe uſse though inne herre wiſsedomme Nature reaſonnes itte thuſse

Love cools Freyndeſhyppe dyvides ande brotherres are notte ſoe Inne

Cytyes Mutynyes inne Countryes dyſcorde inne Pallaces Treaſonne

Ande noe bonde twixt Sonne ande Fatherre Thys Villayne comes underre the predyctyonne thuſse thenne iffe Sonne agaynſt

Fatherre the Kynge totterres fromme the byaſse offe Nature theres

Fatherre agaynſte Chylde Wee have ſeene the beſte offe oure tyme Machynatyonnes treacherye alle ruinouſe dyſorrederres followe uſse diſquiettelye toe oure Graves Finde ths Villayne

Edmunde itte ſhalle looſe thee noethynge doe itte carefullye
Aye Ande the noble ande trewe heartedde Kente banyſhedde
Hys Offence beynge butte Honeſtye Tis ſtraunge
Bas Thys is the excellente fopperye of the Worlde thatte
Whenne wee are ſycke inne fortune the ſurfeytes off oure
owne behavyoure wee make guiltye of oure dys-aſterres
Vyllaynes bye niſſeſsytye fooles bye compul-ſyonne Knaves
ande Thieves bye predomynaunce Drunkards Lyars ande
Adullterererres bye Obedyence toe Planetarye inne-fluence
ande alle thatte wee are eville inne bye dyvine thruſtyng
onne Admyrable evaſyonne of mye Whore Maſterre
Manne Mye Fatherre componndedde with mye Motherre
Underre Dragonnes Tayle ande mye Natyvytye was
underre Urſa Magor foe follows itte I amme rough ande
Lecherouſe I ſhould have thatte whiche I amme hadde

the moſte Maydennelye Starre ith Fyrmamente
twinkledde onne mye baſterdyſynge

Edgarre commes forrewarde

Patte lyke the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedye here he comes Mye Cue iſſe Villaynouſe Melannecholye lyke Tom O Bedlamme O theſe Eclypſes doe portende
theſe dyvyſyonnes Fa Sol La Mee

Edg How nowe brotherre Edmunde whye thys ſeryouſe
Contemplatyonne

Bas I amme thynkynge of a predyctyonne I reade thys otherre Daye onne whatte ſhould follow theſe Eclypſes
ande I promiſe you the effects he writes of ſucceede unnehappylye butte whenne ſaw you mye fatherre laſte

Edg The Nyghte gone bye

Bas Spake you withe hymme

Edg I two hours togetherre

Bas Parretedde you inne goode termes Founde you noe
dyspleaſure inne hymme bye worde norre Countenaunce

Edg None atte alle

Bas Bethynke youreſelfe whereinne you have offenndedde
ande praye you forrebeare hys preſence tille the heate of hys dyſpleaſure bee quelledde whiche ſoe rageth inne hymme thatte withe the myſchiefe of youre
perſonne itte woulde ſcarcelye allaye
Edg Some Villayne hathe done mee wronge
Edm Thats mye feare Therefore praye you forrebeare
tille hys rage goe ſlowerre ande retyre withe mee toe mye Lodgynge where you ſhall fytley heare mye Lord ſpeake theres mye Keye ande ſhoud you ſtyrre praye you goe armedde
Edg Armd Brotherre
Bas I amme noe honeſte Manne if there bee anye godde meanynge toe you I praye you thenne awaye
Edg Shalle I heare fromme you anonne
Edm Thuſſe doe I ſerve inne ths buſyneſſe
A Credulouſe Fatherre ande a brotherre noble
Whoſe Natures are ſoe farre fromme doinge harmes
Thatte theye ſuſpecte none ande onne whoſe honeſtye
Mye Practyceſſe ryde eaſye I ſee the buſyneſſe
Iffe notte bye byrthe thenne lette mee have Landes bye Witte
alle with mee is meete ſoe I canne faſhyonne itte

SCEANE THYRDE

Gonnerylle ande Stewarde comme forrewarde

Gonn Dydde mye Fatherre ſtryke mye Genne-
tlemanne
forre chydynge hys foole
Stew I Madamme
Gon Bye daye ande Nyghte he wrongs mee
Everye houre he flaſhes into oune groſe cryme or
otherre
Thatte tetts uſſe alle atte odds Ile notte innedure itte
Hys Kyghts growe ryatouſe ande hymſelfe uppe-
brayds uſſe
Inne everye tryfle whenne he retturnes fromme
huntynge
Ille notte ſpeake with hymme ſaye I amme ſycke
Iffe you come ſlacke of formerre Serrevyces
You ſhall doe welle the fault Ille anſwerre
Gent Hes comynge Mam I heare hymme
Gon Putte onne whatte wearye neglygence you
pleaſe
Ide have itte come toe queſtyonne iffe he dyſlyke
itte lette hymme toe oure Syſterre our Myndes
inne thatte are oune foliſhe Age thatte ſtylle woud
Manage thoſe Authorytyes hee hath gyvenne awaye
forre bye mye life olde fooles muſte bee uſedde aſſe

babyes ande have checkes forre flatteryes whenne
theye are ſeene abuſd rememberre whatte I telle you
Gent Verye welle Madamme
Gon Lette hys Kyghtes have colderre lookes too itte
matterres notte whatte comes oft adviſe thye fellowes
ſoe Ile write ſtraygthe toe mye Syſterre toe
holde mye verye courſe goe prepare for dynerre

Kente

Ken Iffe butte aſs welle I otherre accentes borrowe thatte
canne mye ſpeeche defuſe thou banyſht Kente iffe
thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtande condemnedde
thye Maſterre whom thou lovſt ſhalt fynde thee fulle
offe laybourre

Enterre Leare

Leare Lette mee notte ſtaye a jotte forre dynnerrre goe gette
itte readye how nowe whatte arte thou
Kente A Manne Sir
Leare Whatte doſt profeſſe whatte wouldſt withe uſſe
Kente I doe profeſſe naughte more thanne I ſeme toe bee

trewe toe hymme thatte woude putte mee inne truſte toe
love hymme thatte iſs honeſte toe ſaye with hymme
thatte iſs wiſe toe feare Judgemente toe fyghte whenne
I cannotte chuſe ande toe eate noe fyſhe

Leare Whatte arte thou

Kente An honeſte heartedde fellowe as pore aſs the Kynge

Leare Iffe bee as poore forre a Subjecte as hee foree a Kynge
thenne arte poore inndeede butte whatte woudſt thou

Kente Service

Leare Who wouldſt ſerve

Kente Youe

Leare Doſt knowe mee fellowe

Kente Notte I butte you have inne you thatte I woude calle Maſterre

Leare Aye whatts thatte

Kente Authorytye

Leare Whatte canſt thou doe

Kente Keepe honeſte couſayle ryde runne marre a tayle in the tellynge itte delyverre a playne Meſſage bluntlye whatte ordynarye Menne are

fytte forre thatte an I qualyfyedde inne butte the beſte offe mee iſs dylygence

Leare Howe olde arte thou

Kente Notte ſoe Yonge toe love a womanne for ſyngynge norre

ſoe olde toe dote onne herre forre anye thynge I have

Yeares onne mye backe fortye ande eyghte

Leare Followe thenne thou ſhalt ſerve mee anne I lyke thee no

worſe afterre dynnerre Ille notte parte with thee yette

Whatte ho I ſaye dynnerre wheres mye knave mye foole goe calle mye foole hytherre ſirra wheres Mye Daughterre

Enterre Stewarde

Stew Soe pleaſe you

Leare Whatte ſayes the fellowe there calle the clotte

pole backe mye foole I ſaye I thynke the Worldes aſleepe ho wheres mye munnegrelle

Kente He ſayes mye Lorde youre Daughterre iſs notte welle

Leare Wherefore came hee notte whenne I calld hymme

Ser He anneſweredde roundlye thatte he would notte

Leare He woud notte

Ser Mye Lorde I knowe notte whatte the Matterre iſſe
butte toe mye judgmente youre Hyghneſſe iſſe notte receyvedde with the affectyonne you were wonte therſe greate abatemente appeares aſs welle inne depennedaunts as inne the Duke hymſelfe ande youre Daughterre

Leare Ha ſayſt thou ſoe

Ser Pardonne I doe beſeeche mye Lorde Iffe I bee Myſtakenne forre mye dutye cannotte bee ſylente whenne I doe thynke youre Hyghneſſe wrongd

Leare Thou butte remembereſte mee of myne owne
conneceptyonne I have perceyvedde a faynte negleƈte of late whiche I have the ratherre aſs mine owne Jealouſe curyoſytye I wille looke fartherre intoe itte butte wheres thys foole I ha notte ſeene hymme thys two dayes

Ser Synce mye Younge Ladyes goynge intoe Fraunce
Sir hee hath muche pynd awaye

Leare Noe more of thatte I have notedde itte goe telle mye
daughterre I woulde ſpeake wits herre goe too calle hytherre mye foole O you Sir come you hytherre Who am I Syrre

Stew Mye Ladys fatherre

Leare My Ladys fatherre mye Lords Knave you whorſonne dog

Stew I am none of thys I praye you pordonne mee mye Lorde

Leare Doe you bandy lookes withe me Knave

Stew Ile notte bee ſtrucke mye Lorde

Kente Norre trypt neytherre you baſe foote ball Playerre

Leare Fellow I thanke thee thou ſervſt mee ande I love thee

Kente Come Sir Ile teache you dyfferences awaye awaye

iffe you wille meaſure youre lubberres length agayne tarrye butte awaye you have wiſdome

Leare Nowe freyndlye Knave I thaynke thee theres earneſt of thye ſervyce

Enterre Foole

Foole Lette mee hyre hymme too Heres mye Coxcombe

Leare Howe nowe mye prettye Knave how doſt thou

Foole Sirra you were beſte take mye Coxcombe

Kente Whye Foole

Foole Whye forre takynge ownes parte thatts oute of favoure

Naye an thou canſt notte ſmyle as the winde getts thout
catch colde ſhortlye welle take mye Cocks-combe
Whye he hath banyſhd two of daughterres ande done the thyrde a bleſſynge agaynſt hys wille iffe thou wilt followe hymme thou muſte needes weare my Cockſcombe how now nunckle woud I hadde two Cockſcombes ande two daughterres

Leare Whye mye Boye

foole Iffe I gave themme anye lyvynge Ide keepe the Cockſcombe myeſelfe theres myne begge anotherre of thye daughterres

Leare Take heede Syrrah the whyppe

foole Truth is a dog thatte muſte toe Kenneile whenne mye Ladye ſtandes by th Fyre ande ſtynkes

Leare A peſtylente Gulle toe mee

foole Sirra Ile teache thee a ſpeeche

Leare Doe

foole Marke itte Unnekle have more thanne thou ſheweſte ſpeake leſſe thanne thou knoweſte lende leſſe thanne thou oweſte ryde more thenne thou goeſte learne more thenne thou troweſte leave thye drynke ande thye hope ande keepe inne a doore thenne ſhalt thou ha more thanne twoe tens toe a Score

Leare Thys is nothnge foole

foole Thenne iſt as the breathe of an unnefedde Layerre

You ſaye mee naught fort canſt make noe uſe of Noethynge Unckle

Leare Whye noe noethnge canne bee made o nothynge

O thourt a bytterre foole

folle Doſt knowe the difference boye twixt a byttere ande

a ſweete foole

Leare Noe Ladde teache mee

foole Thatte Lorde thatte couſayld thee to give thye Lande awaye

Comme place hymme here bye mee doe thou for hymme ſtande

Thenne ſoone wilte the ſweete ande bytterre foole appeare

Leare Doſt call mee foole boye

foole Alle thye Tytles haſt thou gyvenne awaye thatte

thou waſt borne withe

Kente Thyſſe iſſe alle toegetherre foole mye Lorde

foole Noe faythe Lordes ande greate Menne wille notte

lette mee have alle foole toe myeſelfe theyle bee ſnatchynge give nee an Egge Nunckle ande Ile give thee two Crownes

Leare Whatte twoe Crownes ſhall theye bee
folle Whye afterre I ha broke the Egge ande eate the meate thenne take the twoe Crownes oth Egge whenne thou cloveſte ande graveſte awaye thye Crowne thenne thou hadſt lyttle witte inne thye baulde Crowne lette hymme bee whypt thatte fyndes itte notte ſoe
Fooles had nere leſſe witte inne a Yeare
Forre wiſe menne are growne foppyſhe
Theye knowe notte howe theyre Witts doe weare
Theyre Mannerres are ſoe Apyſhe
Leare Whenne where you wonte toe bee thuſſe fulle
of Songs Syrra
foole I have uſedde itte Nunckle everre ſynce thoud madſt
thye Daughterres thye Motherre Nunckle forre Whenne thou gavſt themme the Rodde theye forre joye dydde weepe Ande I forre Sorrowe ſung thatte ſuche a Kynge ſhoulde playe a bo peepe I praye thee Nunckle keepe a Schoole Maſterre thatte canne teache thye foole toe lye I woulde fayne learne toe lye
Leare Iffe you lye lye you ſhalle bee whipte
foole Whatte kynne arte thou ande thye Daughterres
theyl ha mee whypt ſorre ſpeakynge trewe ande thou forre lyinge O I hadde ratherre be anye

thynge thanne a folle yette woud I notte bee
thou Nunckle thou haſt payd thye witte a bothe
ſydes ande lefte noethynge inne the Myddelle
heere commes oune o the Parynges

Gonnerylle

Leare Howe nowe daughterre whatte makes
thatte frontlett onne
Methynkes you are toe muche a late ith frowne
foole Thou waſt a prettye fellowe whenne thou
careddeſte
notte forre herre frowne nowe thou arte O withoute
a figure I amme a foole thou arte noethynge though
youre face byddes mee holde mye peace Yette doſt
thou ſaye noethynge
Mumme Mumme hee thatte keepes norre Cruſte
norre Crumme
Wearye of alle ſhalle wante forre ſome Thatts a
ſheald peſcod
Gon Notte onlye thys foole you are lycened
butte otherre offe
the retynewe doe hourelye carpe ande quarrelle ande
ryotts notte toe bee enneduredde I hadde thoughte
Sir
bye makynge thys welle knowne toe you toe have
Founde a ſafe redreſſe butte amme fearefulle bye
youre

late ſpeeche ande Acts thatte you doe protecte thys courſe
whiche iffe you ſhoulde Sir the faulte wille notte ſcape
cenneſure norre ſhalle redreſſe ſleepe whiche inne the
tennederre offe a wholeſome weale myghte inne workynge
doe you thatte offence thatte elſe were ſhame butte thenne
neceſſytye muſte calle dyſcreete proceedings 670
folle Forre you trowe Nunckle the hedge Sparrowe fedde the
Cookow ſoe longe thatte itte hadde the heade be itte younge
ſoe oute wente the Cannedelle ande wee were lefte darklynge
Leare Are you oure daughterre
Gon Comme Sir I woudde you make uſe offe the wiſdomme whereoffe
I knowe you are fraughte ande putte awaye theſe dyſpoſytyonnes
thatte late have transforremedde you fromme whatte you are
foole Maye notte an Aſs knowe whenne the Carte drawes the horſe
whoope Juſſe I love thee
Leare Dothe anye here knowe mee thyſſe iffe notte Leare dothe

Leare walke thuſſe ſpeake thuſſe where are hys Eies hys
dyſcerrenynges are letharregye forre ſure tis notte ſoe who
iſt canne telle mee who I amme Iſt Leares ſhadowe fyre
I woud learne thatte bye the markes offe ſovereygntye
ande reaſonne I ſhould bee falſe perreſwadedde I hadde daughterres

Folle Whiche theye wille make anne obedyente fatherre

Leare Thye Name fayre Gennetlewomanne

Gon Thys Admyratyonne ſavourres of otherre newe prankes I praye
You unnederreſtande mye purpoſes aryghte as you are oulde
ſoe ſhoud you bee wiſe heere doe you keepe foure hundredde
Knyghtes ande Squires Menne ſoe diſorrderrelye ſoe
deboyſte ande bolde Thatte thyſſe oure Courte innefectedde
with theyre mannerres ſhewes lyke a ryatouſe Inne bee
thou deſyredde bye herre thatte elſe wille take the thynge

ſhe beggs a lyttle toe dyſquannetytye youre trayne ande
the remaynderre thatte ſtylle depende toe bee ſuche
Menne as maye beeſorte youre Age ande knowe
themmeſelves ande you
Leare Darkneſſe ande divels ſaddle mye horſes call mye
trayne togetherre degenerate baſtarde elſe notte trouble
thee yette have I owne daughterre lefte
Gon You ſtryke mye People ande youre dys-orrederedde rabble
make ſervaunts of theyre betterres

Duke commes forrewarde

Leare O Wee thatte toe late repentes uſſe O Sir you are comme
Is itte yore wille Wee prepare anye horſes Ingratytude
thou Marble heartedde feynde More hideouſe whenne
thou ſheweſte thee inne a Childe thanne the Sea
Monſterre orre deteſſetedde Kyte thou leſſen mye
trayne ande Menne of choyſe who alle partyculars
of dutye knowe O mouſte ſmalle faulte howe
uglye dydſte thou inne Cordelya ſhowe thatte
wrencht mye verye frame of nature fromme its fyxt

place drewe fromme mye hearte alle love ande
addedde toe the galle O Leare Leare beate atte
thye gate thatte lette thye follye inne ande thye
dear judgmente oute goe goe alle mye People

Duke Mye Lorde I amme guiltleſſe aſs I amme Ignorante

Leare Itte maye bee ſoe harke Nature heare deare Goddeſſe

ſuſpende thye purpoſe iffe thou woudſt make thys
Creature fruitefulle intoe herre wombe conveye
ſterylytye drye uppe inne herre the Organnes offe
Innecreaſe ande lette noe babe ſprynge toe honorre herre
butte iffe ſhe muſte teeme create herre Chylde of ſpleene
ande lette itte channelle rynkles onne herre browe
of youthe with accente teares turne alle herre paynes
toe rude laughterre ande contempte Thatte ſhee maye
knowe howe ſharpe ande lyke a Serrepentes toothe it is
toe have a thankleſſe Chylde goe goe mye People

Duke Nowe Gods thatte wee adore howe comes thyſſe

Gon Aſk notte the cauſe butte lette hys dyſpoſytyonne have
the ſcope thatte dotage gives itte

Leare Whatte fiftye atte a Clappe ande with-
inne a fyrtnyghte too
Duke Whats the Matterre Sir
Leare Marke mee Ile telle the life ande deathe
I amme
aſhamd thou haſt powerre toe ſhake mye Mann-
hoode
thuſſe thatte theſe hotte teares thatte breake fromme
mee perreforce ſhoud make worſe blaſts ande Foggs
onne the unnetennederre woundynges of a Fatherres
uſſe playe thys parte agayne Ile plucke ye oute
ande caſte you with the Waterres thatte you maye
temperre claye Yea tis come toe thys yette iſſe
there oune daughterre lefte whome I amme ſure iſſe
kynde ande commeforretable whenne ſhee ſhalle
heare thys of thee with herre Nayles ſhele flee thye
Wolfyſhe Viſage ande thoulte fynde I ſhalle
reſume the ſhape whiche ſeemynge I have caſte offe
Yeſſe thou ſhalte I warrante thee *goes oute*
Gon Doe you marke thatte mye Lorde
Duke I cannotte bee ſoe partyalle toe the greate
Love I beare thee
Gonnerille
Gon Praye you connetente whatte Oſwalde hoa
You Sir more knave thanne foole afterre youre
Maſterre
foole Nunckle Leare Nunckle Leare
Tarrye take the foole withe thee

A Fox whenne oune has caughte herre
Ande ſuche a daughterre
Should ſure love the ſlaughterre
Iffe mye Cappe woulde buye a halterre
Soe ſhalle the foole followe afterre
Gonn Thys Manne hathe hadde goode counſelle
A hundredde Knyghtes he maye oureguarde
Hys dotage with hys powerres
Ande holde oure lives inne Mercye Curane I ſaye
Alb Welle you may feare too farre
Gon Saferre thanne truſte toe farre
Whatte he hath uttered I have writte mye ſyſterre
Iffe ſhe ſuſtayne hymme ande hys hundredde Knyghtes
Whenne I have ſhewd th unfytneſſe

Enterre Stewarde

How nowe Curane
Haſt thou yette wrote thatte Letterre toe mye ſyſterre
Curan I Madamme
Gon Take thenne ſome Companye ande awaye toe horſe
Inneforme herre fulle off mye partycularre feare
Ande thereto adde ſuche reaſonnes of youre owne
Aſſe maye compacte itte more Gette you gone
Ande haſtenne toe youre retynewe

Thys mylkye gennetleneſſe ande courſe offe yours
Though I condemne notte yette underre pardonne
You are muche more atte taſke forre wante of wiſdomme
Thanne prayſd forre harmfulle myldneſſe
Alb Welle Welle to th evente

Leare Kente Gentlemanne ande foole

Leare Goe you before toe Gloſterre withe theſe Letterres
acquainte mye daughterre noe furretherre withe anye thinge you knowe thenne commes fromme herre demande
butte of the Letterre iffe youre dylygence bee drowſye
I ſhalle bee there before you
Kente Ille notte ſleepe tille I have delyvyredde youre Letterre
foole Iffe a Mans brayns were inſheeles wert notte inne
dangerre offe kybes
Lere I boye
foole Thenne praye thee bee merrye thye witte goes notte
ſlyppe ſhodde
Leare Trewe ha ha ha ha

foole Thoult ſee thye otherre daughterre wille uſe thee
welle forre though ſhes aſs lyke thyſſe aſs Crabbs toe
an apple yette I canne telle whatte I lyſte
Leare Whatte canſt telle Boye
foole She wille taſte as lyke toe a Crabb aſs does thys
thou knowſt whye ounes Noſe ſtands ith myddelle ons face
Leare Noe
foole Whye toe ones Eyes of ſydes ones Noſe thatte
whyche Manne cannotte ſmelle oute hee maye ſee oute
Leare I dydde herre wronge
foole doſte knowe howe the Oyſterre makes hys ſhelle
Leare Noe
foole Neytherre canne I Yette doe I knowe whye a Snayle
has a houſe
Leare Ande whye thatte
foole Toe hyde hys heade inne notte toe give itte awaye
toe hys Daughterres ande leave hys hornes withoute a Caſe
Leare I wille forregette mye Nature ſoe kynde a Fatherre

whatte hoa there bee mye horſes readye
foole Thye Aſſes are aboute themme the reaſonne the ſeaſonne
Starres are noe more thanne iſſe a prettye reaſonne
Leare Cauſe theye are notte eyghte
foole Werte thou mye foole Nunckle thou ſhouldſt bee
beate forre beynge oulde afore thye tyme
Leare Hows thatte
foole Thou ſhoudſt notte ha beene oulde tille thou hadſte
beene wiſe
Leare Lette mee notte bee madde O ſweete heavenne I
woud notte bee madde O keepe mee inne temperre whatte
Hoa are the horſes readye
Gent Readye mye Lorde
Leare Comme boye
foole She thatts a Mayde nowe ande laughs atte mye deparreture
ſhalle notte be a Mayde longe unleſſe thyngs bee ſhorterre

Baſtarde ande Curanne

Bas Save thee Curanne
Cur Ande you Sir I have beene withe youre fathere

Ande givenne hymme Notyce
Thatte the Duke off Cornwalle ande Regan hys ducheſſe
Wille bee here with hymme thys nyghte
Bas Howe comes thatte
Cur Naye I Knowe notte you have hearde o the Newes
abroade of the eare buſſynge Arregumennts
Bas Notte I praye you whatte are theye
Cur You maye learnne ere longe farewelle Sir
Bas The duke bee here toe Nyghte the betterre beſte
Thyſſe weaves itteſelfe perforce intoe mye buſyneſſe mye fatherre hath ſette guarde toe take mye brotherre
And I have oune thynge of a queaſye queſtyonne
Whiche I mſte acte briefeneſſe ande forretune helpe mee

Edgarre

Brotherre a worde O flye thys place
Deſcennde brotherre I ſaye mye fatherre watches
Innetellygence is givenne where you are hydde
You have the goode advantage of the Nyghte
Haſt thou notte ſpokenne gainſt the duke of Cornwalle
Knowſte thou notte hes comynge hytherre ith haſte

Ande Reganne withe hymme have you nothynge
ſayd
Uponne youre partye gaynſt the duke of Albanye
Adviſe thyſelfe I ſaye
" *Edg.* I am ſure on't not a word.
" *Baſtard.* I heare my father comming, pardon
" me in crauing, I
" muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeemme to de-
" fend your ſelfe, now
" quit you well, yeeld, come before my father,
" light heere, heere,
" flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell;
" ſome bloud drawne
" on me would beget opinion of my more fierce
" endeuor, I haue
" ſeene drunkards do more then this in ſport;
" father, father, ſtop,
" ſtop, no helpe?

" *Enter Gloceſter.*

" *Gloſt.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine;
" *Baſt.* Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe
" ſword out,
" warbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the
" Moone to ſtand his
" auſpicious Miſtris.
" *Gloſt.* But where is he?

" *Baſt.* Looke ſir, I bleed.
" *Gloſt.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*
" *Baſt.* Fled this way ſir, when by no means
" he coud————
" *Gloſt.* Purſue him, go after, by no meanes,
" what?
" *Baſt.* Perſwade me to the murder of your
" Lordſhip, but that
" I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, gainſt Paracides
" did all their
" thunders bend, ſpoke with how many fould
" and ſtrong a bond
" the child was bound to the father; ſir, in a fine,
" ſeeing how loth-
" ly oppoſite I ſtood to his vnnaturall purpoſe,
" with fell motion
" with his prepared ſword, he charges home my
" vnprouided bo-
" dy, launcht mine arme; but when he ſaw my
" beſt alarumd ſpirits
" bold in the quarrels right, rouzd to the en-
" counter, or whether
" gaſted by the noiſe I made, but ſodainly he
" fled.
" *Gloſt.* Let him flie farre, not in this Land
" ſhall he remaine vn-
" caught and found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke
" my maſter, my

" worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, by his
" authority I will
" proclaime it, that he which findes him ſhall
" deſerue our thankes,
" bringing the murderous caytiffe to the ſtake, he
" that conceales
" him, death.
" *Baſt.* When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
" and found him
" pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to
" diſcouer him; he
" replied, Thou vnpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou
" thinke, if I would
" ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt,
" vertue, or
" worth in thee make thy words faith'd? no:
" what I ſhould deny,
" as this I would, I, thogh thou didſt produce
" my very character,
" ide turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and
" damned pretence, and
" thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they
" not thought the
" profits of my death were very pregnant and
" potentiall ſpurres to
" make thee ſeeke it.
" *Gloſt.* Strong and faſtened villaine, would he
" deny his letter?

" I neuer got him: harke, the Dukes trumpets,
" I know not why he
" comes; all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not
" ſcape, the Duke
" muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture I wil
" ſend far and neere,
" that all the kingdome may haue note of him,
" and of my land,
" (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes
" to make thee capable.

" *Enter the Duke of Cornwall.*

" *Corn.* How now my noble friend, ſince I
" came hether, which
" I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.
" *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too
" ſhort which can
" purſue the offender; how doſt my Lord?
" *Gloſt.* Madam, my old heart is crakt, is
" crakt.
" *Reg.* What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke
" your life? he whom
" my father named your *Edgar?*
" *Gloſt.* I Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.
" *Reg.* Was he not companion with the ryotous
" Knights that
" tends vpon my father?

" *Gloſt.* I know not Madam, tis too bad,
" too bad.
" *Baſt.* Yes madam, he was.
" *Reg.* No maruaile then though he were ill
" affected,
" Tis they haue put him on the old man's death,
" To haue theſe—and waſte of this his reuenues:
" I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter
" Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch
" cautions,
" That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile
" not be there.
" *Duke.* Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I
" heard that you haue
" ſhewne your father a child-like office.
" *Baſt.* Twas my duty ſir.
" *Gloſt.* He did betray his practice, and receiued
" This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.
" *Duke.* Is he purſued?
" *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.
" *Duke.* If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be
" feard of doing
" harme, make your owne purpoſe how in my
" ſtrength you pleaſe;
" for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience
" doth this inſtant
" ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhalle be ours,
" natures of ſuch deep

" truſt, we ſhall much need, you we firſt ſeize on.
" *Baſt.* I ſhall ſerue you truely, how euer elſe.
" *Gloſt.* For him I thanke your Grace.
" *Duke.* You know not why we came to viſite
" you?
" *Regan.* Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke
" eide night,
" Occaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,
" Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduice,
" Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
" Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,"
Toe anſwerre fromme oure hande the ſeveralle
Meſſengers
Fromme hence attende dyſpatche oure goode oulde
freynde
Laye comforte toe youre biſomme ande beſtowe
Youre Needefulle conſaylle toe youre buſyneſſeſs
Whiche craves oure inſtaunte uſe
Glo I ſerve you Madamme youre Graces are
rygthe welcome 1060

Kente ande Stewarde

Stew Goode even toe thee freynde arte of the houſe
Kente I
Stew Were maye wee ſette oure horſes
Kente Inne the Mire
Stew Prithee an thou love mee telle mee

Kente I love thee notte
Stew Whye thenne I care notte forre thee
Kente Waſt butte inne Lipſburye Penfolde Ide make
thee care forre mee
Stew Wherefore doſt thou uſe mee thuſs I knowe thee
notte
Kente Fellowe I knowe thee
Stew Whatte doſt thou knowe mee forre
Kente A Knave a raſcalle who eates brokenne Meates
a baſe proude beggarrelye three ſhewtedde hundredde Pounde a whoreſonne Glaſſe a gazynge ſuperfynycalle
Rogue oune Trunke inneherytynge ſlave thatte woude bee a bawde inne waye off goode Service
ande arte noethynge butte the compoſytyonne of a Knave Cowarde
ande Panderre whome I wille beate intoe whynynge iffe thou
denye the ſmalleſte Syllable of the addytyonne
Stew Whye whatte a Monſtrous fellowe thou arte toe rayle onne
oune who knowes notte thee norre iſſe knowne of thee
Kente Brazenne facd Varlette doſt denye thou knowſt mee iſſe

notte butte two dayes ſynce I beate thee ande tript thee
before the Kyng drawe you Rogue though itte bee Nyghte
yette the Moon ſhynes thatte I maye a ſoppe offe thee
drawe you whoreſon cullye drawe

Stew Awaye I have noethynge toe doe with thee

Kente Drawe I ſaye thou haſt Letterres agaynſt the Kynge
ande take Vanytye the Puppetts parte agaynſt the Royaltye
of therre fatherre drawe orre Ile ſoe Carbonadoe youre
ſhankes drawe thenne I ſaye

Stew Helpe ho Mirtherre Helpe

Enterre Edmunde Gloſterre duke ande ducheſſe

Bas Howe nowe whatts the Matterre

Kente Withe you goodman boye ile fleaſhe you mye younge Maſterre

Duke Peace onne youre lives he dies thatte ſtrykes agayne

Reg The Meſſengerre fromme oure Syſterre ande the Kynge

Duke Whats youre difference ſpeake

Stew Im ſcarce inne breathe mye Lorde

Kente Noe marvaile notte thou haſt ſoe beſtird thye
Valoure thatte Nature declaymes inne thee the Taylorre

Duke Thou arte a ſtraunge fellowe a Taylorre make a Manne

Kente Sir a Stone Cutterre orre a Paynterre coud notte ha made
hymme ſoe ille hadde he workd butte oune houre

Glos Speake howe grewe the quarrelle

Stew Thys ancyente Ruffyan Sir whoſe life I ſpard atte
ſuite of hys greye Bearde

Kente O Thou Whoreſon Zedde thou unneceſſarye Letterre
if you wille give mee leave mye Lorde Ile treade
thys Villayne intoe waterre ande daube the
Walls of a Jaques with hymme ſpare mye greye
Bearde you Wagtayle

Duke Peace beaſtlye Knave thou haſte noe Reveraunce

Kente Yeſſe butte angerre has a Pryvyledge

Duke Whye arte angrye I ſaye

Kente That ſuch a ſlave as thys ſhoud weare a Sworde

Thatte weares noe honeſtye ſuche ſmylynge Rogues as thee
Like Ratts nibble thoſe Cordes inne twaine
Whiche are toe intrenche ande looſſen everye ſmooth Paſſyon
Thatte inne the Natures of theyre Lordes rebelle
Knowinge noughte like dayes butte followinge
Eache puffye gale ande varye of theyre Maſterres
Smoile you mye Speeches as I were a folle
Gooſe If I hadde thee on Sarum Playne
Ide ſende thee Cacklynge home toe Camulette
Duke Saye arte Mad olde fellowe
Glos How fell you oute ſaye thatte
Kente Noe contraryes holde ſuche difference as I ande ſuche a Knave
Duke Werefore doſte call hymme Knave whats hys Offence
Kente Hys countenaunce lykes mee notte
Duke Noe nore perchaunce dothe minne orre hers
Kente Sir tis mye occupatyonne to bee Playne
I have ſeene betterre faces inne mye Daye
Thanne ſtands onne anye Shoulderre thatte I ſee
Nowe before mee atte thys inſtaunte
Duke Thys is a fellowe who havynge beene ofte prayſde
Forre bluntneſſe dothe affecte a ſaucye ruffeneſſe
Noe ſooth hee cannotte flatterre hee muſte bee playne

Hee muſte ſpeake truthe ande theye wille take itte ſoe
Iffe hees notte playne theſe kynde of Knaves I knowe
Whiche inne thys playnneſſe has boure more crafte ande far more corrupte Endes thenne twentye ſillye duckynge
obſervaunts thatte ſtretche theyre dutyes nicelye
Kente Sir inne goode ſoothe
Underre the allowaunce of youre greate Aſpecte
Whoſe innefluence lyke the wreathe of radyente fire
Glytterynge fromme Phebus fronte
Duke Whatte meanſt thou bye thys
Kente Toe goe fromme mye dyalogue whiche you didde
muche dyſcommende Sir I amme noe flattererre hee thatte beguilde you with ſmoothe accente was a playne Knave which parte I wille notte acte
though I ſhoud winne youre dyſpleaſure
Duke Wats the offence you gave hymme
Stew I nere gave hymme anye itte pleaſd the Kynge hys Maſterre
Verye late toe ſtrike atte mee uponne hys miſconſtructyonne
Wenne hee conjunct ande flatterynge hys dyſpleaſure
Tript mee behynde beynge downe inſultedde raylde ande putte onne hymme ſoe muche o the Manne

Thatte worthyedde hymme ande gotte hymme
prayſes o the Kynge
Ande forre the Attempte of thys hys ſofte ſubdud
exployte
Drewe oune mee here agayne
Kente Nonne O theſe Rogues ande fooles butte
Ajax is theyre Knave
Duke Whatte ho the ſtocks
You ſtubborne Miſcreante you unreverente bragarte
Welle teache you
Kente I am toe oulde to learne calle notte youre
Stocks for mee
I ſerve the Kynge onne whoſe Employmentes I was
ſente toe you
You ſhould doe ſmalle reſpecte toe mye Maſterre
Stoppynge thus hys Graces Meſſengerre
Duke Fetche forthe the ſtockes
As I have life ande honoure there ſhalle ſitte tille
Noone
Reg Tille Nyghte mye Lorde ande alle Nyghte
toe
Kente If I were youre fatherres dog Madam
You coud notte uſe mee ſoe
Reg Sir beynge hys Knave thenne I wille
Duke Thys is a fellowe o the Nature oure Siſ-
terre ſpeakes of
Glos Lette mee beſeeche youre Grace notte to
doe ſoe

Hys faulte is muche ande the goode Kynge hys Maſterre
Wille checke hymme fort thys is ſuche meane Correctyonne
As moſte common treſpaſſes are punyſht withe
The Kynge muſte take itte ille thatte hes ſoe ſlyghtlye valud
Iffe you hys Meſſenger ſhould have thus reſtraynd
Duke Ile anſwerre thatte
Reg Mye Siſterre wille receive itte ſtille muche worſe
Toe have her Gentlemanne abuſd aſſaultedde
For followinge her affayres putte inne hys leggs
Come mye Lorde awaye
Glos I amme ſorrye forre thee freynde tis the Dukes pleaſure
Whoſe dyſpoſytyonne alle the worlde welle knowes
Wille notte bee rubd norre ſtopt yette Ile intreate for thee
Kente doe notte I praye you Sir I have watcht ande travayled harde
Some tyme I wille ſleepe the reſte Ile whiſtle
For a goodmanns fortune Sir maye growe oute ats heels
Give you goode Morrowe Sir
Glos Inne thys innedeede the Dukes toe blame
An I feare twille bee butte ille looke

Kente Goode Kynge thatte muſte approve the
common ſawe
Who oute of Heavens benedyctyonne comeſte
Toe the warme Sunne
Approache thou beacon toe thys unnederre Globe
Thatte bye thye alle radyaunte beames I maye
Peruſe thys Letterre ſcarce noethynge ſees mye
wracke
Butte Miſerye I knowe tis fromme Cordelya
Who mouſte haplye hath beene informed
Of mye obſcurd Courſe ande ſhalle fynde tyme
From thys enormous ſtate ſeekynge to give
Loſſes theyre remedyes alle wearye ande oere watcht
Take vantage Heavye Eyes notte toe beholde
Thys ſhameful lodgynge Farewelle fortune.
Smyle ande turne thye weele ounce more

Edgarre

I heare myeſelſe proclaymed
Ande bye the happye hollow of a Tree
Eſcapt the hunte Noe place noe porte is free
Thatte guarde ande mouſte unneuſvalle Vigylaunce
Doſt notte attende mye takynge while I maye ſcape
I have beethoughte ande wille preſerve myeſelſe
Bye takynge the baſeſte ande pooreſte ſhape
Thatte everre penurye inne contempte of Manne

Broughte neere toe beaſte Mye face Ile grime
with filthe
Blankette mye loynes twiſte alle mye hayre in
Knottes
Ande inne Adam lyke Nakeddeneſſe oute face
The Winde ande perſecutyonne o the Skye
Thys Countrye gives mee proofe ande preſydente
Of Bedlam Beggars thatte withe roarynge voyces
Ande horrid blows numbered onne theyre lymes
Sometyme with lunatycke banns ande thenne with
Prayeres
Enforce theyre Charytye poore poore Tom poore
Edgarre
Thatte innedeede is ſomethynge I amme noethynge

Kynge ande Knyghte

Leare Tis ſtraunge they ſhoulde thus departe
from hence
Ande notte ſende backe mye Meſſengerre
Knygthe I dydde heare the Nyghte before there
was
Noe purpoſe of hys remove
Kente Alle hayle toe thee noble Maſterre
Leare How makſt thou thys ſhame thye paſtyme
Foole Ha Ha looke he weares crewelle Garterres
Horſes are tyde bye the Heels dogs ande beares
Bye the Necke Munkyes bye the loynes ande Menne

Bye the Legs whenne hees ſomewhatte over luſtye
Thenne he weares woodenne neatherre Stockes
Leare Whats hee thatte hathe thye place ſoe muche miſtooke
Toe ſette thee here
Kente Tis bothe hee ande ſhee youre Sonne ande daughterre
Leare Noe
Kente Yes
Leare Noe I ſaye
Kente I ſaye Yea
Leare Noe noe they woulde notte Itte cannotte bee
Kente Agayne I ſaye tis evenne ſoe
Leare Bye Jupiterre I ſweare noe they durſt notte do itte
Suche outrage is worſe thanne murderre
Reſolve mee withe alle modeſte haſte whiche waye
Thou mayſt deſerve or they purpoſe thys uſage
Commynge fromme uſſe
Kente Whenne atte theyre houre my Lorde
I didde commende youre hyghneſſe Letterres toe them
Eere I was riſenne fromme the place thatte ſhewedde
Mye dutye Kneelynge came there a reekynge Poſte
Stewd in hys haſte halfe breathleſſe pantynge forthe
Salutatyonnes fromme Gonerylle hys Miſtreſſe

Thenne produced Letterres whiche they ſoon oere reade
Strayghte ſummoned uppe theyre Menne ande tooke horſe
Commanded mee toe followe ande attende the leyſure
Of theyre Anſwerre gave mee colde looks
Ande Meetynge here the otherre Meſſengerre
Whoſe Errande I perceyvd had poyſond myne
Beynge the ſelfe ſame fellowe who of late
Dyſplayd ſoe ſawcylye agaynſt youre hyghneſſe
Havynge more Manne thanne Witte drewe
He rayſd the houſe youre Sonne ande daughterre
Founde thys faulte worthe the ſhame whiche here it ſufferres
Leare O howe thys Motherre ſwels uppe towarde mye hearte
Hiſtorica Paſſio—down thou clymynge Sorrowe
Thye Elementes belowe where iſſe thy daughterre
Kente Withinne the Earle Sir withinne
Leare follow notte butte ſtaye theyre
Knyghte Made you noe more offence thanne thatte you ſpeake of
Kente Noe
How chaunce the Kynge has ſoe ſmalle a trayne
foole Hadſt beene ſette ithe ſtocks forre thatte Queſtyonne
Thou hadſt welle deſervd itte

Kente Whye foole

foole Wele ſende thee toe an Ante whol teache thee
theyres noe labourynge ithe Winterre Alle thatte
followe theyre Noſes are ledde bye theyre Eyes Whenne
a greate wheele paces downe the hille looſe thye holde
leaſte itte breake thye Necke inne the followinge itte
butte whenne itte mounte the hille eene thenne lette
itte drawe thee Whenne a wiſe Man gives thee betterre
counſelle give mee mine agayne Id ha none butte
Knaves followe itte ſince a foole gives itte
Thatte Manne who ſerves for gayne
Ande followes butte forre forme
Wille packe whenne itte begynnes toe rayne
Ande leave thee ithe Storme
Butte I wille tarrye the foole wille ſtaye
Ande lette the wiſe Manne flye
The Knaves turnes foole thatte runnes awaye
Thenne foole noe Knave perdye

Kente Where learnte you thys

foole Notte ithe Stockes

Leare ande Gloſterre

Leare Denye toe ſpeake withe mee thare ſycke ande wearye
Theye traveld harde toe Nyghte paltrye juggle
Tis notte ſoe whatte revolte ande flynge offe
Fetche mee a betterre anſwerre
Glos Mye deareſte Lorde
You knowe the fierye Qualytye of the Duke
How immoveablye fixt he iſſe ins courſe
Leare Deathe ande confuſyonne
Whatte fierye Qualytye whye Gloſterre
Gloſterre I ſaye where is the Duke of Cornwalle
The Kynge woud ſpeake with Cornwalle the deare fatherre
Woulde withe hys daughterre ſpeake commands her ſervice
Glos Aye mye goode Lorde
Leare Fierye Duke telle the hotte duke thatte Leare
Naye butte notte yette may bee hee iſs notte welle
Innefirmytye doth ſtille neglecte alle iſſue where toe oure healthe
Is bounde wee are notte oureſelves whenne nature beynge oppreſte
Commands the Mynde toe ſufferre withe the bodye Ile forbeare

Ande am fallen oute withe mye more heavyerre wille
Toe take the innedyſpoſedde ande ſycklye fitte forre the ſounde Manne
Deathe onne mye ſtate wherefore ſhould he ſitte here
Thys acte perſwades mee thatte thys emotyonne
Offe the Duke ande herre is practiſe onelye
Give me mye Servaunte foorthe Telle the duke ands wife
Ile ſpeake withe themme ande preſentlye too
Bidde themme come forthe Orre atte theyre Chamberre doore
Ile beate mye drumme tille itte crye ſleepe toe deathe

Duke ande Reganne

Leare Goode Morrowe toe you bothe
Duke Alle hayle toe youre Grace
Reg I amme gladde toe ſee youre hyghneſſe
Leare I doe thynke you are I knowe whatte reaſonne
I have toe thynke ſoe anne thou ſhoudſt notte bee gladde
I woud divorce thee fromme thy Motherres Wombe
Ande ſaye the Motherre was an Adultreſſe
Thye Siſterre is naughte O Reganne ſhe hath tiedde
Sharpe toothd unnekyndneſſe lyke a Vulture here

I ſcarce canne ſpeake toe thee thoult notte believe
Of whatte baſe qulytye ſhe is O Reganne
Reg Praye you Sir take Patyence I have hope
You leſſe knowe how to Value herre deſerte
Thanne ſhe toe ſlacke inne dutye
Leare Saye howe is thatte
Reg I cannotte thynke mye Syſterre ithe leaſte
Woud ſlacke inne dutye ande oblygatyonne
Leare Mye Curſes onne herre
Reg O Conſydderre Sir you are oulde
Nature inne you ſtands onne the verye verge ande confyne
You ſhould bee ruld ande led bye ſome dyſcretyonne
Thatte dycernes youre ſtate betterre the you canne
Toe oure Syſterre thenne wee doe praye you make retturne
Ande ſaye thatte you have wrongd herre
Leare Whatte doſt ſaye aſke herre forregiveneſſe
Marke you how woud thys become the houſe
I doe confeſſe deare Reganne thatte I amme oulde
Onne mye Knees thenne I begge thatte youl vouchſafe
Toe give mee thys Nyghte bedde foode ande Raymente
Reg Good Sir noe more theſe are unnefittynge trickes
therefore wee praye you goe backe toe oure Syſterre

Leare Noe Reganne Neverre Neverre
She hathe abatedde mee of halfe mye trayne
Lookt blacke uponne mee ſtrucke mee with herre tongue
Moſte ſerpente lyke uponne mye verye hearte
Maye alle the ſtord vengeance of Heavene falle
Onne herre ungratefulle toppe ſtryke herre younge bones
You Ayres thatte ſtrike withe lameneſſe
You nimble lyghtnynges darte youre blindyng flames
Intoe herre ſcornfulle Eies You fenne ſuckd Foggs
Drawne bye the powerrefulle heate of the ſunne
Innefecte herre Beautye ande blaſte herre pride
Duke O fye Sir
Reg O the bleſte Gods youl wiſh ſoe onne mee
When the raſhe Moode takes
Leare Noe Reganne thou ſhalt neverre ha mye Curſe
Herre Eies are feirce butte thine doe comforte mee
Noe Nature ſhalt notte give toe thee mye
Tis notte inne thee toe grudge mye Pleaſure
Toe cutte offe mye trayne ande uſe haſtye Wordes
Ande inne Concluſyonne to oppoſe the Bolte
Agaynſt mye comynge inne thou betterre knowſt
The offyces of Nature bonde of Childhoode
Effects offe Curteſye due offe Gratytude
Thy halfe offe thys Kyngdomme haſt forregotte

Twas I thatte endowedde thee withe itte
Butte who waſt thatte putte mye ithe Stockes

Stewarde comes forrewarde

Duke Whatte Trumpettes thatte
Reg I knowt toe bee mye Syſterres
Bye Letterre ſhe ſayde ere longe ſhe woud bee here
Iſſe youre Ladye comme
Leare Thys iſſe the Slave whoſe eaſye borrowd pryde
Dwels ithe fyckle Grace offe herre hee followes
Oute Varlette fromme mye Syghte
Corn Whatte meanes youre grace

Gonnerylle

Leare Who commes here hyde mee kynde heavennes I praye
Iffe you doe love oulde Menne make itte youre Cauſe
Sende downe ande take mye parte
Arte notte aſhamd to looke uponne thys bearde
Whatte Reganne wilt thou take herre bye the hande
Gon Whye notte Sirre
How have I offendedde alls notte offence
Thatte Innedyſcretyonne ande dotage termes ſoe

Leare O ſydes you are toe toughe wille you
ſtylle houlde
Agayne how came mye Manne ithe Stockes
Duke I ſette hymme there butte hys owne diſ-
orrederres
Deſervd muche leſſe advancemente
Leare You whatte waſt you
Reg I praye you fatherre beynge weake ſceme ſoe
Iffe tylle the expyratyonne offe youre Moneth
You wille retturne ande ſojourne withe mye Syſterre
Diſbandynge halfe youre trayne comme thenne
toe mee
Beynge nowe fromme home ande oute of Plentye
Whiche iſſe needefulle forre *youre* entertaynemente
Leare Retturne toe herre ande fiftye Menne
dyſmyſt
Noe ratherre I abjure Alle roofes ande chuſe
Toe wage agaynſt the enmytye o the Ayre
Toe bee aſs Comrade withe the Wolfe ande Owle
Whye the hotte bloode of Fraunce thatte
dowerreleſſe
Tooke hence oure youngeſte borne I coud bee
broughte
Toe Knee hys Throne ande ſqure lyke penſyonne
begge
Toe Keepe baſe life a foote thanne retturne withe
herre
Perſwade mee ratherre toe bee a ſlave ande Sumpter
Toe Thys deteſtedde Gromme

Gon Atte youre Choyce Sir
Leare Nowe praye you daughterre doe notte make mee madde
I wille notte trouble thee mye Chylde Farewelle
Welle noe more meete noe more ſee oune anotherre
Stille arte thou mye bloode mye Fleſhe ande daughterre
Or ratherre a diſeaſe thats inne mye fleſhe
Whiche I muſte needs calle myne thou arte a Byle
A Plague ſore ande inboſſedde Carbuncle
Inne mye corruptedde Bloode butte Ile notte chyde thee
Lette ſhame come whenne itte wille I doe notte calle itte
I doe notte bydde the Thunderres beare ſhoote
Norre telle tales of thee toe hygh judgynge Jove
Mende whenne thou canſt be betterre atte the Leyſure
I wille bee patyente ande wille ſtaye withe Reganne
Aye myſelfe ande mye hundredde Knyghtes
Reg Yette notte ſoe Sir I looke notte forre you yette
Norre have I thatte whiche befyttes youre welcome
Therefore praye you give Eare toe mye Syſterre toe thoſe
Thatte myngle reaſonne withe youre paſſyonne
Naye bee contente ande thynke thatte you are oulde
Believe mee Sir ſhe knowes welle thatte ſhe does

Leare O Reg iſſe thys welle ſpokenne
Reg I dare avouche itte Sir fiftye followerres
Are welle enoughe wherefore ſhoud you neede more
Yea orre foe manye ſythe thatte bothe charge ande dangerre
Speakes gaynſt thatte Numberre forre howe ſhoud foe manye
Inne oune houſe ande underre two dyſtynct commandes
Holde Amytye tis harde almoſte impoſſyble
Gon Whye notte mye goode Lorde receive attendaunce
Fromme thoſe whome ſhe calls Servaunts orre fromme myne
Reg Aye thou ſithe trewelye whye notte mye Lorde
Wee canne controule themme iffe you comme toe mee
forre nowe I ſpye a dangerre I entreate you
Toe brynge butte five ande twentye toe noe more
Wille I give place orre coutenaunce
Leare I gave you alle
Reg Aye ande inne goode tyme you gave toe
Leare Made you mye Guardyans mye depoſytaryes
Butte kepte a reſervatyonne toe bee followedde
With ſuche a Numberre whatte muſte I come toe you
Withe five ande twentye Reganne ſayde you ſoe

Reg Aye ande ſpeakt agayne mye Lorde
Leare Thoſe wickeddde Creatures yette doe ſeeme welle favourd
Whenne otherres are more wickedde Notte beynge the worſte
Standes inne ſome ranke offe prayſe Ile goe withe thee
Thye fiftye dothe ſtylle double five ande twentye
Thou arte innedeede twice herre love
Gon Heare mee mye Lorde
Whye neede you five ande twentye tenne orre five
Toe followe inne a houſe where twice the numberre
Have commande toe tende you
Reg Naye whatte needes oune
Leare O reaſonne notte the deede oure baſeſte Beggarres
Are inne the pooreſte thynge ſuperrefluouſe
Give notte ſweete Nature more thanne nature needes
Mans life ande beaſtes are equalle inne cheapeneſſe
Iffe onelye toe goe warme were gorgeouſe
Thenne Nature needes butte halfe the Ladye weares
Heavennes give mee meeke patyence I lacke itte
You ſee mee here Ye Gods a poore a poore oulde Manne
Affe fulle offe griefe as age wretchedde inne bothe
Iffe itte bee you thatte ſtirre Mye daughterres heartes

Agaynſte theyre fatherre foole mee notte too muche
Toe beare itte tamelye touche mee withe angerre
O lette notte Womennes weaponnes waterre droppes
Stayne mye Mannes cheekes Noe ye unneturalle haggs
I wille poure downe ſuche Revenge onne ye bothe
Thatte alle the World ſhalle—Ile doe ſuche thynges
Whatte they are yette I knowe notte butte theye ſhalle bee
The terrorres o the Earthe you thynke Ile weepe
Noe Ile notte though I have fulle cauſe of weepynge
Butte thys mye hearte ſhalle breake inne a thouſande flawes
Eyre I wille weepe O foole foole I ſhalle goe Madde
[*Leare Kente Gloſterre ande foole goe oute*
Duke Lets withdrawe twille bee a Storme
Reg Thys houſe is lyttle the oulde Manne ands People
Cannotte bee welle beſtowedde
Gon Tis hys owne blame hathe putte hymme fromme reſte
Reg Thenne hee muſte needes taſte hys follye
Forre hymſelfe I wille receyve hymme gladlye
Butte notte oune followerre
Duke Soe ſtandes the Matterre withe mee.
Butte where iſſe mye Lorde of Gloſterre

Gloſterre

Glos The Kynge is inne hygh Rage
Ande wille I knowe notte whetherre
Reg Thenne give hymme waye hele leade hymſelfe
Gon Entreate hymme notte mye Lorde to ſtaye
Glo Alacke the Nyghte comes onne ande the bleake Windes
Doe ſorelye ruſſelle forre manye a Myle aboute
Theyres neytherre hedge norre wille ſerve forre coverte
Reg O Sir toe wilfulle Menne
The injuryes they themmeſelves doe procure
Muſte ſerve themme forre Schoole Maſterres ſhutte the doors
He iſſe attendedde withe a deſperate trayne
Ande whatte theye maye prompte hymme too beynge apte
Toe have Eare abuſd Wiſdomme byddes uſſe feare

Kente ande Gentlemanne

Kente Whatte iſſe theyre here beſydes foule Weatherre
Gent Oune myndedde lyke the Weatherre
Mouſte ſowerre ande unnequiettelye

Kente I knowe thee wheres the Kynge
Gent Contendynge withe the fretfulle Elemente
Who byddes the Wynde blowe Earthe intoe Sea
Orre ſwelle the curledde waterres bove the Mayne
Thatte thyngs maye change orre ceaſe teares hys white hayre
Whiche the impetuouſe blaſts with Eyeleſſe Rage
Catche inne theyre furye ande make a nothynge of
Strives inne hys lyttle worlde of Manne toe oute ſcorne
The adverſe Wynde ande rayne Unnebonnetedde
He runnes Ande byddes whatte wille take alle
Kente Butte who iſſe withe hymme
Gent None ſave the foole who labourres toe oute jeſte
Hys hearte ſtrooke innejuryes
Kente Sir I doe knowe you
Ande wille commende a deare thynge toe you
Theyre iſſe dyvyſyonne though itte bee cladde
Withe mutualle cunnynge twixte Alb ande Cornwalle
Ande fromme Fraunce mouſte ſure theyre comes a powerre
Intoe thys oure ſeatteredde Kyngdomme
Theye have ſecrette foe inne ſome of oure Pourtes
Ande wille ſhowe uſſe ere longe theyre Bannerre
Make ſpeede therefore toe Doverre theyre you ſhalle fynde

Some who wille thanke you makynge juſte Reporte
Offe the ryghte Cauſe oure Kynge hathe offe Playnte
Gent Ile ſpeake fartherre withe you
Kente Naye doe notte butte take thys Purſe contaynes
Thenne if you chance toe ſee Cordelya
Ande I doubte notte butte you ſhalle ſhew thys Ryng
Thenne ſhe wille telle you whou the fellowe iſſe
Toe whome thou ſpeakſt ande doſt notte as yette knowe
O fye onne thys Storme Ile goe ſeeke the Kynge
Gent Give mee thy hande haſt naughte more toe ſaye
Kente Butte fewe wordes yette more thanne alle yette
Thatte whenne the goode Kynge bee founde
The luckyerre hounde o the two
Shalle hollowe the otherre

Leare ande foole

Leare Blowe Windes and cracke youre cheeks Rage Blowe
You Caterackes ande Hurycanoes ſpoute
Tylle you have drenchd the Steeples drownd the Cocks
You ſulpherouſe ande thoughte executynge fires

You Oake cleavynge thunderre Boltes ſinge mye white heade
Thou alle ſhakynge Thunderre ſtryke flatte ande make voyde
The vaſte ande thycke routundytye o the Worlde
Cracke Natures Moulde all Germayne ſpille at ounce
Thatte forms ungratefulle ande deteſtedde Manne
foole O Nunckle Courte holye Waterre inne a drye houſe
Tis betterre thanne rayne waterre oute a doore
Inne goode Nunckle ande aſke forre a Bleſſynge
Forre thys iſſe a Nyghte indeede thatte pittyes
Neytherre the heade of Age norre thatte of follye
Leare Grumble thy Belly fulle ſpitte fire ſpoute Rayne
Norre thunderre fire Rayne Winde are mye daughterres
Noe Noe tis notte you I taſke withe unnekyndneſſe
I dyvydedde notte twixt you mye Kyngdomme
You owe mee noe ſubſcryptyonne whye thenne lette falle
Youre horryble pleaſure ande heare I ſtande
A weake innefyrme and deſpyſedde oulde Manne
Yette are ye butte poore ſervile miniſterres
Thatte joyne withe two pernycyouſe daughterres
Agaynſte a heade ſoe oulde ande white O tis foule

foole Hee thatte has a houſe toe putte hys heade inne
Has innedeede a mouſte excellente heade peace
Thatte manne who makes hys toe whenne he hys hearte ſhould make
Shalle have a Corne crye woe ande turne hys ſleepe toe wake
Forre neverre yette was there fayre Woemanne
Butte ſhe made Mouthes ithe Glaſſe
Leare Noe Ile bee a Patterne of Virtue ande Patyence
Ande ſaye nothynge

Kente

Kente Whos there
foole Marrye heares Grace ande a Cod peece 1690
Thats bothe wiſe manne ande foole
Kente Alas mye Liege ist you here
Thoſe who love Nyghtes love themme notte ſuche as theſe
Synce I was Manne ſuche ſheetes offe lividde fire
Suche burſtes of thunderre and ſuche groanes of Winde ande Rayn
I rememberre notte toe have hearde
Leare Lette the greate Gods who thunderre oere oure heades
Fynde theyre Enemyes nowe tremble thou wretche

Thatte haſt withinne thee undyvulgedde Crymes
Hyde thee thou bloudye hande unwhypte of Juſtice
Thou Sycophante diſſemblerre of Virtewe
Ande convenyente ſeemynge thatte practyſedde
Cloſe pente uppe guiltes onne credulouſe Mens lives
Rive youre concealedde Centerres ande begge Grace
Offe theſe Greate ande thunderynge Summonerres
Butte I amme oune more ſynnd agaynſt thenne ſynnyng
Kente Whatte beare headedde mye moſte grayaſouſe Lorde
Harde bye here is a hovelle ſome frendeſhyppe
Gaynſt thys rude unnecyville tempeſte wille itte lende
Repoſe you here whylſt Ile toe thys harde houſe
More harde innedeede thanne thatte whereoffe tis rayſd
Whiche evenne butte nowe denyd mee toe come inne
Whenne aſkynge afterre you
Leare O mye Witte gins toe maddenne
Come onne mye Boye howe doſt mye Boye arte colde
I amme coulde myeſelfe Where is the ſtrawe goode fellowe
Tis ſtrange howe oure neceſſytyes canne make
The vileſte thynges the mouſte precyouſe
Foole and Knave ſhowe mee thenne thye poore hovelle

Oune Cornerre of mye hearte yette ſorrowes forre thee
foole He thatte has a lyttle tyne Witte
Withe a heyghe hoe the winde ande the Rayne
Muſte make connetente withe hys forretunes fytte
Forre the Rayne itte Raynethe everye a Daye

Gloſterre ande Edmunde

Glos Alacke Alacke Edmunde I lyke notte thys
Whenne I deſyrd theyre leave toe pittye hymme
Theye tooke fromme mee the uſe of myne owne houſe
Stryct chargd mee onne payne offe theyre diſpleaſure
Neytherre toe ſpeake orre anye waye ſuſtayne hymme
Edm Mouſte Savage ande unnenaturelle
Glo Goe toe ande ſaye you noethynge
Theres a dyvyſyonne twixt the Dukes
Ande worſe thannethatte forre I have receyvedde
A Letterre whiche I have lockt inne mye Cloſette
Theſe innejuryes the Kynge beares wille bee revengd
Forre parte of a Powerre is nowe Landedde
Ande tis fytte wee doe inclyne toe the Kynge
Ile ſeeke hymme ande privatelye releeve hymme
Goe you ande houlde conference withe the Duke

Thatte thys mye Charytye bee notte perceyvedde
The Kynge mye oulde Maſterre ſhalle be releivedde
Theres ſomewhatte ſtrange towarde Edg praye bee carefulle
Bas Thys Courteſye fromme thee toe thee oulde Kynge
Shalle the Duke knowe ande of the Letterre too
Thys ſeemes a fayre deſervynge ande muſte drawe
Thatte toe myeſelfe whiche mye fatherre loſes
Whiche is naughte more or leſſe thanne alle
Thus doe younge riſe whenne the oulde doe falle

Leare Kente ande Foole

Kente Heres the place mye goode Lorde praye you enterre
Thys Nyghtes toe ruffe forre Nature toe innedure
Leare Lette mee alone
Kente Praye you mye goode Lorde enterre
Leare Wilt breake mye hearte
Kente Heavennes witneſſe
I hadde rathere breake mine owne
Leare Thynkſt thou tis muche thatte thys relenteleſſe Storme
Innevades uſſe toe the Skynne tis ſoe toe thee
Butte where the greaterre Malydye iſſe fyxte

The leſſerre iſſe ſcarce felte thou woudſt ſhunne a Beare
Butte iſſe thye flyghte laye towarde the ragynge Sea
Thoudſt meete the Beare ithe Mouthe whenne the Mynds free
The Bodys delycate the tempeſte inne mye Mynde
Dothe fromme mye Sences take alle feelynge elſe
Save vile ande venemouſe innegratytude
Iſt notte as iſſe thys Mouthe ſhoud teare thys Hande
Forre liftynge foode tot butte I wille punyſh yette
Ande weepe noe more inne ſuche a Nyghte as thys
O Reganne Gonerylle youre oulde fatherre
Whoſe Hearte lyke openne Charytye gave you alle
O lette mee ſhunne thatte forre there Madneſſe lyes
O ile notte there noe noe
Kente Naye goode mye Lorde enterre
Leare Prethee goe inne ande ſeeke thyne owne eaſe
Thys Tempeſte wills notte thatte I doe ponderre
Onne thyngs would hurte mee more butte Ile goe inne
Pöore nakedde wretches where ſoe ere you are
Thatte byde the Peltynge o thys Pityleſſe Nyghte
Howe ſhalle youre houſe leſſe heads ande unfedde ſydes

Youre loopt ande raggedde Garmentes defende you
Fromme Seaſonnes ſuche as theſe O I have tayne
Toe lyttle care o thys take Phyſyck Pompe
Expoſe thyeſelfe toe feele *thatte* wretches feele
Thatte thou mayſt poure onne themme thye Superfluxe
Ande ſhewe the heavennes more juſte
foole Come notte here Nunckle heres a Spiritte
O ſave mee helpe mee
Kente Thou doſt crye afore thou arte hurte
Butte give mee thye hande who is there
foole A Spirytte oune thatte ſays hys Names poore Tom
Kente Whatte arte thou thatte doſt grumble ithe Strawe
Comme fourthe I ſaye ande anſwerre ſtrayghte
Edg Awaye the foule feynde followes mee
Through the ſharpe Hawthorne blowe the Windes
Hum goe toe thye coulde Bedde ande warme thee
Leare Dydſt give alle toe thye Daughterres
Ande arte comme toe thys atte laſte
Edg Who iſt thatte gives anye thynge toe poore Tom
Whome the feynde hathe ledde through fyre ande flame
Ore Sworde ore Bogge ore whirlpoole ande Quagmyre

Layde Knives ins Pillowe ande Halterres ins Pue
Made hymme proude of hearte toe ryde onne a Baye trotterre
Hathe myngledde Ratſbayne withe hys Porrydge
Ande vaynlye courſe hys fantaſtyck Shadowe
O Toms a colde O doe de dee de doe
O Bleſſe you fromme Whirle Winde ande Starre blaſtynge
Doe poore Tom Charytye whome the feynde vexes
Nowe nowe coud I ha hymme there and there agayne
Leare Whatte ande ha thye daughterres broughte thee toe thys paſſe
Whatte couldſt ſave noethynge woudſt give themme alle
foole Naye Butte hee kepte hys Blankette 1810
Elſe wee hadde alle beene ſhamd
Leare Nowe maye alle thoſe Plagues thatte hange ithe Ayre
Ande gore Menns faults lyghte onne thye daughterres
Kente He hathe noe daughterres mye goode Sir
Leare Deathe I ſaye noethynge coud ha ſubdud Nature
Toe ſuche lowneſſe ſave hys kyndneſſe daughterres
Iſt thenne the faſhyonne thatte dyſcardedde fatherres
Should have ſoe lyttle mercye onne theyre fleſhe

Judycyouſe Sentaunce twas thys fleſhe begotte
thoſe Pelycanne daughterres
Edg Pyllycocke ſatte onne Pyllycocke Hille
alloo alloe loo loo
foole Thys Nyghte ſoe coulde ſoe rawe I feare
Toe fooles wille turne bothe Kente ande Leare
Twoe are alreadye ande twoe moure
Wille turne the twōe thenne intoe foure
Edgar Take heede o the foule feynde obeye
thye Parentes
Keepe thye worde ande Whore withe Mans ſworne
Spouſe
Decke notte thye ſweete hearte inne proude arraye
Leaſte otherre Meenne falle a lovynge Toms a
Colde
Leare Whatte haſt thou beene
Edg A Sevyngmanne proude inne hearte and
mynde
Thatte curld myne hayre ande wore Gloves inne
mye Cappe
Oune thatte ſtepte inne the contryvynge of Luſte
Ande wakd toe doe the Acte of Darkneſſe
Wine lovd I dearelye ande dyce too dearlye
Falſe of hearte lyghte of Eare Bloodye handedde
Hogge inne ſlothe Foxe inne ſtealth Wolfe inne
Greedyneſſe
Lette notte Womans Sylkes betraye thy poore hearte
Keepe foole oute a Brothells hands oute a Placketts

Thye Penne fromme Lenderres bookes defye the foule feynde
Stylle throughe the hawthorne blowes the Colde bleake winde
Mumm Mumm Nonnye Dolphynne boye lette hymme trotte bye
Leare Thou werte betterre ithye Grave thenne thus toe anſwerre
Withe bodye bare before the innelemente heavennes
Iſſe Manne naughte butte thys conſyderre hymme welle
Thou owſt the Worme noe Sylke beaſte noe hyde
Butte here are three ounes ſophyſtycatedde
Thou unaccomodatedde manne arte the thynge
Forre thou arte indeede naughte butte thys
A poore bare ande forkedde Anymalle
Offe Offe thenne you Lendynges unbottonne here

Gloſterre

foole bee contente Nunkee tis naughtye Nyghte toe ſymme inne
Nowe a lyttle fire inne a Wilde feylde
Were lyke a Letcherres hearte butte oune lyttle ſparke
Ande alle the reſte of ounes bodye o life
Butte looke here commes a walkynge fire
Edg Thys iſſe the foule Fliberretygybette

He ginnes atte Curfewe ande walkes tylle fyrſte Cocke
Hee ſquintes ithe Eye ande makes the hare lyppe
Milledewes the white Wheate ande hurts thys poore Creature Earthe
Swythholde footedde thryce the oulde
Meete the Nyghte Mare ande herre nyne folde
Bydde herre alyghte
Ande herre trothe plyghte
Aroynte thee Whyche Aroynte thee
Kente Howe fares youre Grace
Leare Whats hee
Kente Whos there whatte ſeeke ye
Glos Youre names I praye who are you
Edg Poore Tomme who eates the ſwimmynge Frogge ande toade
Whoſe hearte is fierye whenne the feynde rages
Swallowes the oulde Katte ande the ditche dogge
Drynkes the greene mantle fromme the ſtandynge poole
Thatte is whipte fromme tythynge toe tythynge
Thatte is ſtockd punyſhd ande immepryſoenedde
Thatte hathe three ſuites toe hys backe ſyxe Shirtes tos Bodye
Horſe toe ryde ande Weaponne toe weare
Butte Mice ande Ratts ande ſuche ſmalle deere
Ha beene Tomms foode thys ſevenne longe Yeare

Beware mye followerre peace ſmilburre peace feynde

Glos Whatte hathe youre Grace noe betterre Companye

Edg Poore Toms a Colde

Glos Goe inne withe mee mye dutye cannotte ſufferre

Inne alle toe obeye youre daughterres harde commandes

Though theyre innejunctyonne bee toe barre mye doores

And lette thys boyſterouſe Nyghte take houlde o thee

Stylle have I comme ande venneterd toe ſeeke youre Grace

Ande brynge where bothe fyre ande foode are readye

Leare Staye fyrſte Ile talke withe thys Phyloſopherre

Telle mee Poore Tomm whats the Cauſe o thunderre

Kente Goode mye Lorde take hys offerre ande goe inne a doore

Leare Ile talke a Worde withe thys ſayde Learnedde Thebanne

Whatte is your Studye

Edg bothe toe prevente the feynde and Kylle Vermyne

Leare Lette mee aſke you oune Worde inne Private

Kente Immeporretune hymme agayne mye Lorde
Forre hys Wittes gynne toe unneſettelle

Glos Canſt blame hymme freynde
When's daughterres doe ſeeke hys deathe
O thatte goode Kente hee ſayde itte woud bee thuſſe

Helas poore honeſte butte banyſhte Manne
Thou ſayſt the Kynge growes madde Ile telle the freynde
I myeſelfe amme almouſte madde I had a Sonne
Nowe outelawd fromme mye bloode hee ſoughte mye life
Butte latelye verye latelye I lovd hymme freynde
Noe fatherre a Sonne dearerre thruthe toe telle thee
The Greefe o thys hathe o thys hathe crazd *mye* verye Witts
Whatte a Nyghte is here I doe beſeeche youre grace

Leare O youre mercye I crye youre mercye
noble Phyloeſopherre youre Companye

Edg The feynde The feynde Toms a Colde a Colde

Glos Innetoe thye hovelle fellowe ande keepe thee warme

Leare Comme thenne weele inne alle
Thys waye mye Lorde
Ile keepe withe hymme withe mye Phyloſopherre

Kente Soothe hymme mye goode Lorde and lette hymme take thys fellowe

Glos Take hymme you onne
Kente Comme Sirra and goe inne withe uſſe
Leare Aye Aye comme thou goode ande learnedde Athenyanne
Edg Chylde Rowelande toe the darke towerre came
Hys Worde was ſtylle fye foe ande fumme
I ſmelle the Bloude of a brytyſhe Manne

Cornewalle ande Baſtarde

Duke Ile ha mye Revenge ere I departe thys houſe
Bas Howe mye Lorde I maye bee cenſuredde
Thatte Nature inne mee thus gives waye toe Loyalletye
Duke I doe nowe preceyve twas notte alletogetherre
Youre Brotherres evylle dyſpoſytyonne
Whiche alone dydde make hymme ſeeke hys deathe
Butte a reproveable badneſſe inne hymſelfe
Edm O howe malycyouſe is mye forretune
Thatte I muſte nowe repente forre beynge juſte
Thys is the Letterre thatte does approve hymme
An innetellygente freynde ande partye toe Fraunce
O heavennes thatte thys hys treaſonne were notte
Norre I hys detectorre
Duke Goe inne withe mee toe the dutcheſſe
Edm Iffe thys Paperre dothe ſpeake trewe
You have myghtye buſyneſſe inne hande

Duke Trewe orre falſe itte hathe made the Earle of Gloſterre
Seeke oute thee faherre thatte he maye bee readye
Forre oure ryghte juſte Appreheſyonne
Edm Anne he ſhalle bee founde comforretynge the Kynge
Twille more fullye prove oure Suſpytyonnes
I wille perſevere inne thys mye Loyalletye
Thoughe the conflycte goe harde twixte itte ande mye Bloode
Duke I wille laye truſte onne thee
Ande inne mye Love thoult fynde a dearerre fatherre

Kente Glos Leare (Edg Tom) ande foole

Kente Betterre farre here thanne ithe openne Ayre
Alle hys witts ha givenne waye toe hys impatyence
O goode Sir maye the Gods rewarde youre Kyndneſſe
Edg Fretterretoe Calles ande tells mee
Neroe is anglynge ithe Lake of Darkeneſſe
foole Prethee Nunkle
Iſſe a madmanne a foole orre a Yeomanne
Leare Softe goode foole Ile telle thee a Kynge a Kynge
Edg O the foulde feynde bytes mye backe
foole Hees madde thatte truſtes toe tameneſſe of a Wolfe

A horſes healthe a Boyes Love a Wores Oathe
Leare Naye Naye notte ſoe butte inne the love of Daughterres
O the vile ſhe foxes ſytte here ſapyente Sir
Edg Looke where ſhe ſtandes Wanſt thou Eyes alle trye alle
Beſſye comme oere the broome toe mee Beſſye
The foule feynde hauntes poore Tomme
Hoppe dawnce cryes inne mee forre twoe white herrynges
Kente howe does youre grace wille you notte laye downe
Leare Brynge inne the Evydence they ſhall bee Cryd
Sitte you there you are othe Commyſſyonne
Arraygne Arraygne herre tis Gonerylle
I here take oathe before thys aſſemblye
Shee dydde Kyche the poore oulde Kynge herre fatherre
Butte mye gracyouſe Sirs hadde ſhe beene a Manne
Hee woud notte ha neededde thys youre tryalle
Edg Bleſſe thye five Witts
O Sir wheres thatte ſame Patyence nowe
O the whiche you dydde ſoe ofte make boaſte
Edg My teares begynne toe take hys parte ſo muche
I feare theyle marre mye counterfeytynge
Leare Naye the lyttle doggs too alle barke atte mee
Whye Treye Blaunche ande Sweete hearte hytherre boyes

Edg Tomme ſhalle throwe hys heade atte themme avaunte Curs

Bee thou blacke orre Greye orre White
Toothe thatte payſonnes anne itte byte
O Tomme ſhalle make themme weepe ande wayle
Forre thorowinge thuſſe mye heade
Doggs leape the hatche nowe alle are fledde
Tou Lu Lu Lu comme marche toe wakes ande fayres
Bee Merrye bee Merrye poore Toms horne is drye

Leare Anatomyze thatte Reganne ſee whatte inne herre breedes

Iſſe there cauſe inne Nature toe make heartes thuſſe
Whatte ſoe harde ande flintye O noe noe noe
You ſhoud bee of mye hundred butte youre Garmente
Thatte ſuites mee notte welle welle lette itte bee changd
Tomm Tomm where dydſt ſteale thyne Adams Coate

Edg Fromme mye Childe anne ſhede notte give itte mee

Leare A goode Thefte A goode Thefte welle ſayde Tomm

Kente Nowe mye goode Lorde lye here awhile

Leare Huſh Huſh make noe noyſe butte drawe the Curtaynes

Soe Soe ſoe wele goe toe Supperre ithe mornynge ſo ſo

Gloſterre

Glos Goode Sir where is the Kynge mye Maſterre

Kente Heare mye Lorde butte trouble hymme notte hys Witts are gone

Glos Take hymme I praye thee Sir inne thyne Armes

Forre I have oerehearde a Plotte of Deathe uponne hymme

There is a Lytterre tye hymme onne itte ſtrayghte

Ande ſpeede thee towarde Doverre where thou ſhalt meete

Goode welcome ande Protectyonne take thye maſterre

Forre ſhoudſt thou dallye orre delaye oune houre

Thyne ande hys life togetherre withe alle thoſe

Shalle offerre toe defende hymme ſtande ſurelye loſte

Followe mee thatte wille toe ſome provyſyonne

Give thee ſure ande quicke conducte

Come Come awaye quicklye

Cornewalle Reganne Gonerylle Edmunde ande Servantes

Corn Poſt ſpeedylye toe mye Lorde youre huſbande

Thys Letterre wille ſhewe the Frenche Armye landedde
Goe ſeeke oute thatte Traytorre Gloſterre
Howe nowe wheres the Kynge
Stew Mye Lorde of Gloſterre hath conveyd hymme hence
Ande withe hys Knyghtes hathe ſente hymme towarde Doverre
Theye dydde loudlye talke of armedde freyndes there
Gon Farewelle ſweete Lorde ande Syſterre
Corn Edmunde Farewelle Goe ſeeke thatte Traytorre Gloſterre
Pinnyonne lyke Thiefe thenne brynge hymme before uſſe
Though withoute Juſtyce we maye paſſe ons life
Yette ſhalle oure Powerre doe Curteſye toe oure wrathe
Whiche Menne perchaunce maye blame butte notte comptrolle

Gloſterre

Reg Innegratefulle Foxe tis hee
Glos Whatte meane youre Grace
Goode mye Freyndes you are mye Gueſtes
Doe me noe foule playe
Corn Bynde hymme I ſaye

Glas Unnemercyfulle Ladye
Corn Toe thys Benche bynde hymme
O Villayne thou ſhalte fynde
Glos Bye the greate Gods tis ignoeblye done
Toe plucke Age thuſſe bye the Bearde
Reg Soe white ande ſuche a Traytorre
Glos O naughtye Ladye
Theſe hayres thatte thou raviſhe fromme mye Chynne
Wille quckenne and accuſe thee I amme youre hoſte
Ande you withe mercyleſſe and Robberres handes
Doe ruffle thuſſe mye markes of Mannehoode
Whatte wille you doe
Corn Saye Sir whatte Letterres hadde you fromme Fraunce
Whatte Connefederacye hadde you withe thoſe
Thatte nowe have broke inne uponne our Kyng-domme
Reg Toe whome haſte ſente the Lunatycke Kynge
Glos I have oune Letterre gueſſynglye ſette downe
Thatte came fromme oune thats of a newtralle hearte
Corn O cunnynge
Reg Yea Cunnynge ande mouſte Falſe
Corn Where haſt ſente the Kynge

Glos Toe Doverre
Corn Ande whye to doverre waſt notte chargd atte perylle
Glos O ye have have tyedde mee toe the Stake
Ande nowe I needs muſte ſtaunde the courſe
Reg O Traytorre butte wherefore toe Doverre
Glos Cauſe thatte I woudde notte ſee thye cruelle Nayles
Plucke oute hys poore oulde Eyes norre thye feyrce Syſterre
Inne hys annoyntedde fleſhe ſtycke Boaryſhe Phanges
The Sea withe ſuche a Storme as hys beare heave
Inne Helles blacke nyghte induredde woud ha boyedde uppe
Ande quenchedde the ſtelledde fyres
Yette porre oulde hearte hee holped the heavennes toe rayne
Iffe Wolves atte thatte ſteyrne tyme atte thye Gates hadde howld
Thou ſhouldſt ha ſayde goode Porterre turne the Keye.
Butte I ſhalle ſee Vennegeance ore take ſuche Chyldrenne
Corn Seet thou ſhalte neverre fellowes houlde the Chayre
Onne theſe oulde Eyes of thyne Ile ſette mye foote
Glos Twere betterre dye thenne live tylle oune bee oulde

O Give mee ſome helpe Cruelle Cruelle O ye Gods

Reg Oune ſyde wille mocke anotherre come totherre tooe

Ser Holde hymme noe neverre

Mye Lorde I ha ſervd you ſynce I was a Chylde
Butte betterre Service I ha neverre done
Thenne nowe to looſe mye houlde

Reg Dydſt thou butte weare a Bearde uponne thye Chynne

Ide plucke itte offe as I dydde thys ſame Lordes
Fellowe thye Sworde a peaſante ſtande uppe thuſſe

Ser Oh I amme ſlayne yette have you oune Eye lefte

Toe ſee thys dede onne thye faythefulle Servante

Corn Leaſte itte ſhoud ſee more Ile prevente itte
Oute vyle jellye wheres thye luſterre nowe

Glos Alls darke ande comforteleſſe wheres mye Sonne Edmunde

O where ere thou arte kyndle all ſparkes offe nature
Ande quitte ſuche Sceanes ſuch crynge Actes

Reg Oute Villayne thou callſt onne hymme thatte hates thee

Twas hee thatte tolde uſſe of thye Treaſonnes
Hee whos heartes too goode toe pitye thee

Glos O mye follyes thenne Edgarre was abuſd

Forgive mee thatte kynde Gods ande proſperre hymme

Reg Goe thruſte hymme oute atte Gates
Ande lette hymme ſmelle hys waye toe doverre
Thys Slave maye ſerve toe fattenne the dunghylle

Edgarre

Edg Betterre thus ande knowne toe bee Contemnedde
Thenne ſtylle contemned ande flatteredde toe bee worſe
The loweſte ande mouſte abjecte of Fortunes Slaves
Iſſe riche ande lives oune inne Eſperawnce
Welcome thenne thys lyghte Ayre whiche I embrace
Thatte wretche whome thou haſte blowne untoe thee worſte
Owes noethynge toe thye Blaſtes
Butte who comes here mye fatherre poorlye ledde
O Worlde Worlde O Worlde
Butte thatte thye ſtraunge Mutatyonnes make uſſe hate thee
Life woudde nere yeylde toe Age
Olde Manne O mye goode Lorde I ha beene youre Tenaunte
Ande youre deare fatherres Theſe foureſcore Yeares
Glos Gette thee awaye goode freynde I prethee bee gone
Thye comfortes canne doe mee noe goode atte alle
Butte thee theye maye ſeverelye hurte

Oulde Manne You cannotte ſee youre waye
Glos I have noe waye ande therefore neede notte Eyes
O Mye Sonne Mye Edgarre were arte thou
The food of thye abuſedde Fatherres wrathe
Myghte I butte live toe ha thee inne mye touche
Thenne woud I ſaye I hadde Eyes agayne
O Manne Howe nowe whos there
Edg Ye Gods who iſt canne ſaye thatte I amme othe worſte
Forre nowe I amme worſe thenne ere I was
Ande thys is notte othe worſte forre worſe I maye be yette
O Manne Tis poore madde Tomme
Glos Thenne is he a Beggarre Manne
O Manne Aye madmanne ande Beggarre too
Glos He hathe reaſonne elſe coud he notte begge
Suche an oune dydde I ſee I the laſte Nyghtes ſtorme
Whenne mye precyouſe Starres dydde inne thys Globe
Shewe the glarynge Canopye off heavenne
Thenne dydde I thynke thys forme Manne a poore Worme
Thenne too dydde I thynke o mye Sonne Edgarre
Though mye mynde was thenne ſcarce freynds with hymme
Butte helas ſynce thatte more have I hearde

As Flyes are to the wantonne Boyes are wee to the Godds
Theye nyppe byte ande teaze uſſe ande alle forre ſporte
Edg Thenne innedeede is mye fooles Trade notte othe worſte
Bleſſe thee goode Maſterre
Glos Iſt the nakedde foole thatte ſpeakes
O Manne Aye mye goode Lorde
Glos Thenne Prithee bee gone forre mye ſake
Thoulte oretake uſſe here a Myle orre twayne
Ithe waye towarde Doverre doe itte forre ancyente love
Brynge withe the coverynge forre thys nakedde Soule
Whome Ile innetreate toe leade mee
O Manne Alacke Sir hes madde
Glos Hes notte alone thenne Tis the tymes Plague
Whenne Madmenne leade the Blynde
O Manne Ile brynge hymme the beſte Parelle I ha Comme ont whatte wille
Glos Syrrah nakedde fellowe
Edg Porre Toms a Colde
Glos I praye thenne poore Tomme come hytherre
Edg Ande yette I wille
Bleſſe thye ſweete Eyes theye bleede
Glos Knowſte the waye towarde Doverre

Edg Knowt aye aye Style ande Gate horſewaye ande footwaye
O poore Tom hathe beene ſcard ofs goode Witts
O bleſſe thee thou goode Manne fromme the foule Feynde
Glos Take thenne mye Purſe thou whome the heavennes plague
Chaunce twille make thye wretchedneſſe happyerre
Thenne bee itte thyne forre itte cannotte eaſe mee
Telle mee doſt knowe Doverre
Edg Aye mye goode Sir
Glos There is a Cliffe whoſe hygh ande bendynge heade
Lookes raggedde ande fearefulle onne the confynd deepe
Brynge to the brymme othatte ſelfe ſame place
Ande Ile repayre the miſerye thou doſte beare
Withe ſomethynge ryche ande precyouſe aboute mee
Fromme thence departe thenne I ſhalle noe leadynge neede
Edg Give mee thyne Arme
Poore Tom ſhalle leade thee

Gonerylle Baſtarde Stewarde

Gon Wellecome mye Lorde
I marvelle oure mylde huſbande meete uſſe notte
Sirra wheres youre Maſterre

Stew Madame withinne butte nere was Manne
ſoe changd
I tolde hymme othe Armye ande hee ſmyld
I dydde announce youre comynge hee anſwerd the
worſe
Offe Gloſterres treacherye ands Sonns loyalle ſervice
Thenne dydde hee calle mee ſotte ande toulde mee
Evenne ſoe thenne thou haſte the wronge ſyde oute
Thatte hee ſhoulde dyſlyke beeſeemes hymme the
mouſte
Thatte hee ſhoud the mouſte offenneſive
Gon Thenne goe noe furtherre
Tis the cowiſhe terrorre of hys Spiritte
Backe Edmonde toe mye Brotherre
Haſtenne hys Muſterres ande conneducte hys
powerres
I muſte Change Names atte home ande give the
dyſtaffe
Innetoe mye huſbandes handes Thys truſtye
Servante
Shalle paſſe twixte uſſe eere longe you ſhalle heare
Anne you dare venneture inne youre owne behalfe
A Mystreſſes commaunde weare thys ande ſpare
ſpeeche
Declyne youre heade Thys Kyſſe ande ift durſte
ſpeake
Would ſtretche thee ſpiryttes innetoe the verye Ayre
Thys conneceyve ande fare the welle

Edm Youre evenne ithe Rankes of Deathe
Gon Thys is Gloſterre O the difference twixte Menne
A Womannes ſerrevyces toe thee are dewe
Mye foote butte uſurpes mye Bodye
Stew Tuſhe Madame here commes mye Lorde
Alb O Gonerylle Thourte notte worthe thatte duſte
Whiche the rude winde blowes uponne youre face
Gon Shame mylkye liverd Manne
Thatte haſte a Cheeke forre Blowes ande heade forre wronges
Thatte haſte notte inne the Browes an Eye
Dyſerrenynge thyne honorre fromme thye ſufferynge
Alb Looke Looke butte atte theſelfe thou Divelle
Soe horryde inne thee are deforremytyes
Thatte thou haſte cleanſd ande made pure the feynde

Meſſennegerre

Ser Mye goode the Duke o Cornewalles deade
Ande bye the hande ofs owne Serrevanntes
Twas the puttynge oute Gloſterres Eyes thatte cauſd itte
Alb Howe ſaye you Gloſterres Eyes
Meſs A Serrevannte thatte he bredde thrylld withe remorſe
Oppoſd agaynſt the acte bendynge hys ſworde

Toe hys greate Maſterre who threate enragd
Flewe onne hymme ande mongſt themme felld hymme deade
Butte notte withoute thatte harmefulle Stroke
Whyche ſynce hathe pluckd hymme afterre
Alb O you ſelfe Judges nowe you doe fynde
Howe ſwifte ande keenelye the Gods doe venge themſelves
Butte O poore Gloſterre loſte hee hys otherre Eye
Meſs Bothe Bothe mye goode Lorde
Madamme thys Letterre fromme craves youre ſpeedye anſwerre
Gon Owne waye thys belykes mee welle
Butte beynge Widowe ande mye Gloſterre withe herre
Maye alle thys Buildynge inne mye fannecye
Plucke uponne herre hatefulle life
Butte thys newes ſtylle ſtylle wille I reade ande anſwerre
Alb Where was hys Sonne whenne theye dydde take hys Eyes
Meſs Mye Lorde I dydde meete hymme ithe waye backe agayne
Alb Knewe hee the wickeddeneſſe
Meſs Mye goode Lorde twas HEE thatte informd agaynſt hymme
Ande dydde onne purpoſe quitte the houſe
Thatte theyre punyſhmente myghte ha freerre Courſe

Alb Gloſterre I live Toe thanke forre thatte Love
Whiche thou ſhowdſt the Kynge and toe revenge thyne Eyes
Comme hytherre Freynde ande telle me whatte more thou knoweſte

Corredelya Gentlemanne and Souldyerres

Cor Alacke Alacke tis he
Ande madde as the vexte Sea eene nowe was he mette
Syngynge alowde ande crownedde withe ranke femytarre
Withe harde oakes hemlocke Nettles Cuckoo Flowerres
Withe Lillyes Darnelles ande alle idle weedes thatte growe
Sende ſtrayghte a Centerye ſearche eache Acre
Inne the hygh growne Feylde ande brynge hymme toe uſſe
Hee whoſe wiſdomme wille helpe inne foſtorynge
Hys poore bereavedde ſenſe take alle mye outwarde worthe
Gent Meanes there are Madamme the foſterre Nurſe o nature
Iſſe thatte whiche youre deare fatherre lackes repoſe

Toe provoke the whiche there are manye Symples
Whoſe powerre canne cloſe the Eye of anguiſhe
Cor O you bleſte ſecrettes O alle you unpublyſhd Vertewes
Thatte fromme Motherre doe take theyre ryſe
Sprynge withe theſe Teares bee aydaunte ande remedyate
Inne the Goodmannes deſyres O ſeeke ſeeke forre hymme
Leaſte hys unngovernd rage dyſſolve thatte life
Whyche wantes the meanes toe leade itte

Meſſenegerre

Newes Madamme the Brytyſh Powerres
Are marchynge hytherrewarde
Cor Twas knowne before oure Preperatyonne ſtaundes
Inne Expectatyonne o themme o dere Fatherre
Tis forre thee forre thye buſyneſſe thatt I goe aboute
Therefore greate Fraunce mye mournynge ande importund Teares
Hathe pittyedde Noe blowne ambytyonne
Noe thyrſte of Conqueſte dothe oure Armyes innevyte

Butte love deare gentle love ande anne agd Fatherres ryte
O maye I ſoone heare ande ſee hymme

Reganne Stewarde

Reg Butte are mye brotherres Powerres ſette forthe
S Yea Madamme
Reg Ande hymſelfe inne Perſonne
Stew Yeſſe Madamme butte withe muche adoe
Youre Syſterre is farre the betterre Souldyerre
Reg Lorde Edmunde ſpake notte withe hymme atte home
Stew Noe Mndamme
Reg Whatte dydde importe mye Syſterres Letterres toe hymme
Stew Thatte I knowe notte Ladye
Reg Hee is poſtedde hence onne ſeryouſe Matterre
Twas greate Ignoraunce thatte Gloſterre dydde live
Hys Eyes beynge oute Forre whereere hee arrives
Hee dothe move alle heartes agaynſte uſſe
Edmunde inne Pittye offe hys myſerye
Is gone methynkes toe dyſpatch hys nyghtedde life
Ande toe dyscrye the ſtrengthe othe Enemye

Stew I muſte thenne afterre hymme withe thys mye Letterre

Reg Oure Troopes ſette fourthe toe morrowe
The wayes are dangerouſe twere beſte you ſtaye with uſſe

Stew I cannotte naye I maye notte Madamme
Mye Ladye dydde charge mye dutye inne thys buſyneſſe

Reg Wherefore ſhoud ſhe write toe Edmunde
Myghte you notte tranſporte herre Purpoſes bye Worde
I love thee muche me lette mee unneſeale the Letterre

Stew Madamme I hadde ratherre

Reg I amme ſure naye I doe knowe
Youre Ladye lykes notte herre huſbande
She gave ſtraunge Elyadls ande ſtrykynge lookes
Toe noble Edmunde onne herre laſte beynge heere
I knowe you toe bee of herre Boſomme

Stew Aye Madamme

Reg Thenne I doe adviſe you take backe thys Note

Mye Lorde beynge deade Edmunde ande I ha talkd
Ande hee dothe fynde mye hande more convenyente
Whenne youre Myſtreſſe ſhalle have hearde thuſſe muche

Deſyre herre thatte ſhe doe calle herre wiſdomme toe herre
Soe Farewelle ſhoud you chaunce heare othe blynde Traytorre
Preferremente falles onne hymme thatte cuttes hymme offe
Stew Woud *I* coud meete hymme
Thenne woud I ſhowe the Partye I doe followe

Gloſterre ande Edgarre

Glos Whenne ſhalle I comme toe thatte ſame hylle
Edg You doe clymbe itte nowe looke howe wee labourre
Glos Methynkes thee ſounde bee evenne
Edg Horryble ſteape harke doſte notte heare the Sea
Glos Noe trewelye
Edg Youre otherre Senneſes thenne doe growe imperrefecte
The anguiſhe o youre Eyes benumbes themme
Glos Itte maye bee ſoe innedeede forre nowe methynkes
Thye Voyce is alterd and thou ſpeakſt betterre phraſe
Thye matterre too is more conneſyſtente

Edg Thou arte deceyvedde naughte iſſe there changd inne mee
Save theſe mye Garrementes
Glos Naye naye butte thou arte betterre ſpokenne
Edg Comme onne Sir heres the place nowe ſtande ſtylle
Howe fearefulle tis toe caſte ones Eyes ſoe lowe
The Crowes ande Choughes thatte winge the Midwaye Ayre
Shewe ſcarce ſoe grooſe as beetles
Halfe waye downe hanges owne thatte gatherres Samphyre
O dreadefulle Trade methynkes hes noe byggerre thans heade
The fyſſherremenne thatte walke uponne the beache
Are butte as Myce ande yonne talle anchorynge Barke
Dymynſhd toe a Cocke herre Cocke a Buoye
Allemoſte too ſmalle forre ſyghte the murmurynge ſurge
Thatte onne th unnumberedde idle Peble chafes
Cannotte bee hearde thuſſe hygh Ile looke noe more
Leaſte mye Brayne turne and the defycyente Syghte
Topple downe headelonge
Glos Sette mee thenne ene where thou ſtaundſt

Edm Give mee youre hande ande nowe houlde
a lyttle
Forre you are witheinne oune foote othe extreme
Verge
Forre alle beneathe the Moone Ide notte leape
upryghte
Glos Thenne here freynde is anotherre Purſe
Ande int a Jewelle welle worthe a Poore Mans
takynge
Lette goe mye hande Maye Faryes ande the
Godds
Proſperre itte with thee. Goe thou fartherre offe
Bydde mee farewelle forre I doe wayte thye goynge
Edg Thenne fare you welle goode Sir
Glos Thankes fare welle with alle mye hearte
Edg Whye ſhoud I thus tryfle withe hys dyſ-
payre
Glos Nowe O you myghtye Gods thys worlde
I renownce
Ande inne youre Syghtes ſhake patyentelye
Thys mye greate afflyctyonne offe
Coud I butte beare itte longerre ande notte quarrelle
Withe youre myghtye and oppoſeleſſe willes
Whye thenne mye Snuffe ande loathedde parte o
nature
ſhoud burne itteſelfe oute iffe Edgarre live thenne
bleſſe hymme
Nowe thenne goode fellowe fare thee welle

Edg Whatte gone Sir thenne farewelle
Hadde hee beene where hee thoughte thenne hadde hee beene robd
O Mannes greate treaſure life bye thys alle hadde beene paſte
Hoa there Sir Speake Sir doe you heare yette hee revives
Whatte are you Sir
Glos Awaye Awaye I prithee ande lette mee dye
Edg Hadſt beene aughte butte Gozemere Featherres Ayre
Soe manye fahomme downe precypytatynge
Thoudſt ſhiverde lyke the bryttle ſubſtawnce of anne Egge
Butte thou doſte breathe bleedſte notte haſte noe ſubſtaunce
Canſt bee ſounde Tenne Maſtes make notee thys Altytude
Thatte thou haſte perrepennedycularelye felle
O thye lifes a Myracle ſpeake ſpeake agayne arte ſounde
Glo Butte iſt ſoe have I fallenne or naye
Edg Aye fromme thys Cliffe thys wonderre o Nature
Whoſe Chalkye ſydes garde thys oure ſacredde Iſle
Gaynſte the rude Sea thatte dothe inne Cholerre
Rage foame ande ſpende itteſelfe tylle itte comme toe nothynge

Yea fromme whoſe dreade ſummyte the ſhrylle gorgd Larke
Canne norre bee ſeene norre hearde doe butte looke uppe
Glos Alacke kynde Sir mocke mee notte I ha noe Eyes
Iſſe wretcheddeneſſe thenne deprivd o thatte benyfytte
Naye the comforte offe endynge itteſelfe bye deathe
Edg Give mee youre Arme uppe howe iſt feelſt thou the Leggs
Glos too welle too welle
Edg Thys dothe evenne oute doe ſtraungeneſſe itteſelfe
Whatte thynge waſte dydde leave thee onne thys ſummyte
Glos Oune poore ande unneforretunate Baggarre
Edg As I dydde ſtaunde heare belowe
Hys Eyes were twoe fulle moones withe a thouſande noſes
Hornes tooe thatte wealkd ande wavd as the ragynge Sea
Therefore bee happye goode fatherre twas ſome feynde
Sente bye the Gods too cleare the who make themme honorrs
Offe mennes impoſſybylytyes tis theye have preſervd thee

Glos Yea nowe I doe rememberre
I nowe wille beare afflyctyonne tylle itteſelfe doe crye
Enough Enough thenne dye The thynge thou ſpeakſt offe
I dydde take forre manne butte twoude oftymes crye
The feynde The feynde
Edg Beare free ande bee patyente who comes here
The ſaferre ſenſe wille notte accomodate
Its Maſterre thuſſe

Leare

Leare Touche mee notte forre cryinge I amme the Kynge
Edg O ſyde percynge ſyghte
Leare Nature dothe oute doe Arte I thatte reſpecte
Thers youre preſſe Moneye thou handlſt thee Bowe
Lyke Crowe Keeperre drawe a Cloathyerres Yarde
A Mouſe a Mouſe Looke looke ſoftlelye ſoftelye
Heere heere thys peece o toaſtedde Cheeſe wille dot
Theres mye Gauntelette Ile prove itte onne a gyawnte
O Welle flowne Byrde the calle the calle hewgh hewgh
Edg O ſweete O goode Kynge evenne ſoe thenne withe thee

Leare Paſſe Paſſe coudſt notte ſee the Mouſe
O Foole
Glos I ſhoud knowe thatte Voyce
Leare Ha Gonerylle whatte flatterre thys white
Bearde
Ande whenne thee poore dogge dydde fawne ande
lycke thee
Dydſt beate hymme oute a doere buſtle buſtle hygh
heavenne
Thenne ſaye aye toe mye Aye Noe to mye noe
Whenne Rayne dydde wette and Winde made mee
chatterre
Whenne woud notte peace atte mye byddynge
Twas thenne I ſmelte umme thenne I founde
umme oute
Goe toe theyre notte Menne o theyre Wordes
Theye tolde mee I was alle I was everye thynge
Theye lye Theye I amme notte ague proofe
Glos The trycke o thatte Voyce I doe rememberre
Iſt notte the Kynges
Leare Aye Boye ande everye Inche a Kynge
Whenne I doe ſtare ſee howe mye Subjecte quakes
Whatte was hys cauſe I pardonne thatte mans life
Naughte ſave Adulleterye thou ſhalte notte dye
Noe noe the Wrenne goes toote ande the ſmalle
gyldedde flye
Dos Letcherre onne mye Syghte Lette Copula-
tyonne thrive

Forre was notte Gloſterres Baſtarde Kynderre tos fatherre
Thanne mye twoe Serrepentes gotte twixte lawfulle Sheets
Thenne tot pelle Melle forre I doe lacke Souldyerres
Looke atte yonne Ladye thatte dos ſhake atte Pleaſures Name
Noe neytherre Fytchewe noe norre ſpoyledde horſe
Goes toot withe moure ryatouſe Appetyte
Downe toe waſte alle Cennetaures butte Womenne above
O fye fye give mee owne ounce o ſweete Cyvette
Ande mye Apothecarye thers Moneye forre thee
Glos O Lette mee Kyſſe thye hande
Leare Fyrſte Ile wipe itte forre itte ſmelles o Mortalytye
Glos O thou ruinedde peyce o Nature
O thatte thys greate worlde ſhalle ſoe weare oute toe naughte
Doſt thou notte knowe mee
Leare I doe rememberre thyne Eyes whye doſt ſoe ſquinye atte mee
Noe doe the worſte blynde Cupydde I le notte love
Reade thys Challenge marke butte the pennynge offe itte

Glos Were are butte I cannotte ſee
Edg Ide notte take thys fromme Reporte butte itte is
And myne hearte breakes atte itte
Leare Reade Reade
Glos Whatte withe theſe caſes o Eyes
Leare Hoa Hoa you are there noe Eyes I youre heade
Norre noe Moneye inne Purſe
Youre Eyes thenne are inne heavye Caſe youre Purſe lyghte
Butte thou ſeeſt howe goes thys worlde
Glos Yea ande Mouſte feelyngelye
Leare Thenne arte Madde Oune maye ſee howe the Worlde waggs
Openne wide thyne Eares thenne thoulte ſee enoughe
See yond Juſtyce rayle agaynſt yond ſymple theffe
Change Places ande nowe whiche is juſtyce whiche theefe
Thou haſte ſeene farmerres dogge barke atte Beggarre
Glos Evenne ſoe Sir
Leare Ande thatte ſelfe ſame Beggarre runne fromme the Curre
There thenne doſte beholde the Image offe Authorytye
Forre Dogges whenne inne Offyce myte bee obſervd
Thou Raſcalle Beadle houlde the bloodye hande

Wherefore laſhe ſoe hatte ſtryppe thyne owne backe
Thoult ſtrayghte toe herre ande the cryme commytte
Forre the whiche thou nowe doſte whyppe herre
Through tatteredde Cloathes greate Vices doe appeare
Butte gilte Robes ande furrd Gownes doe hyde alle
Withe Goulde thou mayſt breake the ſtronge Cane o Juſtyce
Butte armd inne Ragges a Pygmyes Strawe does peyrce itte
None doe offende noe nonne I le able emme 1470
Goe thou mye freynde ande Seale the accuſerres Lyppes
Goe ande withe Glaſſe Eyes lyke ſcurvye Poly-tycyanne
Seeme toe ſee thoſe thynges thou doſte notte ſee
Nowe Nowe pulle offe theſe Bootes harderre harderre
Edg O Matterre ande Reaſonne withe madneſſe myxte
Leare Naye an thoulte weepe mye forretunes thenne take mye Eyes
I knowe thee welle enoughe thye names Gloſterre
Thou muſte bee patyente wee came cryinge hytherre
Evenne the fyrſte tyme wee ſmelle othe Ayre
Wee mewld ande cryd Ile preache toe thee Marke 1480

Glos Alacke Alacke the daye
Leare Whenne wee are borne we crye wee are comme
Toe thys ſayde Stage toe thys ſayde Shyppe o fooles
O twere delycate Stratagemme toe ſhoo
A Troope o horſe inne Felte Ile putte itte inne proofe
Ande whenne I ha ſtolenne oune theſe Sonne in Lawes
Thenne Kylle Kylle Kylle

Owne Gennetellemanne

Gent Oh here he is laye hande uponne hymme Sir
O Sir youre mouſte deare Daughterre
Leare Whatte a Pryſonnerre I amme eene Forretunes foole
Butte uſe mee welle ande ye ſhalle ha ranneſomme
Naye give mee oune Surgeonne forre Ime cutte t the Braynes
Gent Naye goode Sir you ſhalle ha anye thynge
Noe Secondes alle myeſelfe thys woud make a Manne
Aye aye a manne o Salte toe uſe hys eyes
Forre Gardenne warterre Potts Ile dye bravelye
Nowe Ile bee royalle Comme Comme Ime a Kynge
Knowe you thatte Knowe you thatte mye goode Maſterres

Gent Aye ande a Royalle owne ande wee obeye you

Leare Nowe thenne theres life int

Comme ande ye ſhalle gette itte bye runnynge Sa Sa ſa

Gent Thys ſyghte were pyteouſe inne the meaſneſte Wretche

Butte tis paſte ſpeekynge offe inne a Kynge

Butte thou haſte oune daughterre thatte redeemes alle nature

Fromme thatte generalle Curſe Whyche twayne ha broughte

Edg Hayle gentle Sir forre ſoe youre Speeche byddes mee calle you

Gent Sir ſpeede you whats youre wille

Edg Doe you heare oughte of a Battelle towarde

Gent Mouſte ſure eache owne heares thatte canne dyſtynguiſh Sounde

Edg Butte bye youre favourre howe neares thotherre Armye

Gent Neere ande onne ſpeedye foote

The mayne deſcrye ſtaundes inne hourelye thoughte

Edg Thankes kynde Sir thats alle

Gent Though oure Queene onne ſpecyalle Cauſe bee here

Herre Armye is movd onne

Edg I thanke you Sir

Glos O you merrecyfulle ande everre Gentle Gods

Take mye breathe fromme mee leaſte mye worſerre Spiritte
Tempte me agayne toe dye before you pleaſe
Edg Welle praye you fatherre
Glos Nowe goode Sir whatte are you
Edg Oune mouſte poore Manne made tame bye forretunes blowes
Who bye arte o knowinge ande feelynge Sorrowes
Amm pregnawnte toe goode Pittye Give mee youre hande
Ande lette mee leade you toe ſome byddynge
Glos Heartye Thankes heavennes bountye ande Benyzonne
Toe boote ande Toe boote

Stewarde

Stew Owne mouſte happye ande proclaymedde Pryze
Thatte Eyeleſſe heade o thyne was framd toe rayſe mye forretunes
Thou oulde ande hardnedde Traytorre breefelye thyeſelfe ſurrennederre
The ſworde is oute thatte muſte deſtroye thee
Glos Thenne lette thye freyndelye hande putte ſtrengthe enough toot
Stew Wherefore boulde Peſante darſt thou ſupporte

Hence leaſte the innefectyonne offe hys Forretunes
Take holde onne lette goe hys Arme I ſaye
Edg Ize notte lette goe Zir withoute vurtherre cayſyonne
Stew Vile ſlave lette goe orre thou dyeſte
Edg Gange youre Gayte goode Gennetlemanne ande lette poore Volke paſſe
I bee notte yette zwaggeredde oute a mye life
Forre thatte woulde take thee zoe longe as a Vortenyghte
Naye comme notte neere thoulde Manne keepe oute ofs waye
Orre Ils trye anne youre Coſtarde orre mye Ballowe bee the harderre
Stew Oute thou vile dunghylle
Edg Ile ſycke youre teethe Sir noe matterre vor youre foynes
Stew Slave I amme Slayne O Villayne take my Purſe
Iffe thoult thrive burye mee ande give the Letterres
Whiche thou fyndſt aboute toe Edmunde O Gloſterre
Seeke hymme ithe Englyſhe partye o unnetymelye deathe
Edg I knowe thee welle oune ſerrevyceable Villayne
Aſſe duteouſe toe the Vices o youre Myſtreſſe
Aſſe baddeneſſe coud deſyre

Glos Whatte is hee deade
Edg Goode fatherre ſytte ye downe ande reſte ye awhile
Theſe Letterres hee ſpeakes offe maye bee mye freyndes
Ile ſearche theſe Pockettes hees deade Ime onlye ſorrye
Hee hadde none otherre deathes manne lets ſee
Leave gentle waxe toe knowe oure Enemyes myndes
Wee ryppe theyre heartes theyre paperres are more lawefulle

Reades Letterre

Lette oure recyprocalle Vowes bee remmeberedde You maye
withe eaſe dyſpatche hymme anne youre wille wante
notte tyme ande place is yours Anne hee bee Conquerorre
naughte canne bee done ande Ime the Pryſonerre hys Bedde
mye Goale fromme whoſe loathedde warmthe delyverre mee
ande ſupplye the Place forre youre labourre
Youre anne ſoe I woude ſaye
Gonerylle

Oh vaſte ande dyre ſpace O Womannes blacke Wille
Thuſſe toe plotte onne Verretuouſe huſbandes life
Ande forre Exchange mye owne noe leſſe qualy-tyedde Brotherre
Here Ile rake uppe the Murtherouſe Lettcherres Poſte
Ande inne tyme withe thys unnegracyouſe Paperre
Stryke the Syghte o thys ſayde deathe practyſed Duke
Ande tis welle forre hymme thatte o thye deathe I canne telle
Glos The Kynge is madde howe ſtiffe is mye vile ſenſe
Thatte itte ſtande uppe ande ha innegenuouſe feelynge
Betterre I were dyſtracte ſoe ſhoud mye thoughtes
Bee ſeverd fromme mye Greefes ande looſe mye woes
Bye wronge Imagynatyonnes o themme
Edg Give mee youre farre offe I heare the beate o Drumme
Comme fatherre Ile beſtowe you withe a freynde

Corredelya Kente Gennetellemanne

Cor O thou goode Kente howe ſhalle I live ande worke
Thatte I maye matche the goodneſſe mye lifes too ſhorte
Ande everye meaſure wille fayle mee
Kente Thuſſe toe bee acknowledgedde is to bee thryce oere payde
Alle mye Reporrts are modeſte truthe notte clypte butte ſoe
Cor Bee betterre ſuitedde theſe Weedes are Memoryes
O worſerre houres I prithee putte themme offe
Kente Pardonne Madamme toe bee knowne ſhorretennes myne intente
Mye boone I make itte thatte you knowe mee notte
Tylle tyme ande I thynke meete
Cor Thenne beet ſoe goode Lorde howe dos the Kynge
Gent Madamme ſleepes ſtylle
Cor O you Gods cure thys greate breach ins abuſedde Nature
The untund ande jarrynge Senneſes O winde uppe
O thys mye deare mye Chylde changedde fatherre
Gent Wilte pleaſe youre Majeſtye wee wake the Kynge

Cor Bee youre knowledge ande ſkylle youre Goverrenorres
Telle mee is he arrayedde

Leare withe Serrevauntes

Gent I the heavyneſſe o ſleepe wee dydde attyre hymme
Bee you bye goode madamme whenne wee doe wake hymme
Forre yette I doe muche doubte hys temmeperaunce
Cor O mye deere fatherre lette reſtauratyonne hange
Herre medycyne onne theſe lyppes ande maye thys Kyſſe
Repayre thoſe harmes mye Syſterres have inne thye Reveraunce made
Kente O Kynde o deare Prynceſſe
Cor Hadde you notte beene theyre Fatherre theſe white flakes
Dydde challenge theyre Pyttye Was thys a Face
Toe bee oppoſd agaynſte the jarrynge Windes
A Dogge though hee hadde bytte mee ſhoud nere a ſtoode
Thatte ſame Nyghte ande dydſte thou mye deere fatherre
Ande toe hovelle too withe Swine ande Rogues forlorne

Couchd too inne ſhorte ande muſtye ſtrawe Alacke Alacke
Tis wonderre thye life ande wittes hadde notte atte ounce
Concludedde alle hee wakes howe ſpeake toe hymme
Gent Madamme doe you forre tis fytteſte
Cor Howe does mye Royalle Lorde howe fares youre Majeſtye
Leare Doe notte thatte wronge toe take mee oute othe Grave
Thou arte a Soule inne blyſſe butte I amme bounde
Fyxt onne a Weele o fyre thatte myne owne teares
Doe ſadlye ſcalde aye aye enne lyke moltenne Leade
Cor Doe you knowe mee Sir
Leare You are a Spiritte I knowe where dydde you dye
Cor Stylle Stylle farre wyde
Gent Hes ſcarſe awake leave hymme quiette awhile
Leare Where iſt I ha beene where amm I fayre daye lyghte
I amme ſadlye abuſd I ſhoud eene dye withe Pyttye
Toe ſee anotherre ſoe I knowe notte whatte toe ſaye
I wille notte ſweare theſe bee mye handes lette mee ſee
Dothe thys Pynne prycke woud I were aſſurd o mye Eſtate

Cor O looke onne mee Sir ande houlde youre hande
Inne benydyctyonne oere mee you muſte notte Kneele
Leare y doe notte mocke mee
Forre I amme a verye Foolyſhe oulde manne
Foreſcore ande upwarde notte oune houre more or leſſe
Ande toe bee playne I feare I amme notte inne perfecte mynde
Methynkes I ſhoud knowe you ande thatte manne
Yette amme I doubtefulle Forre I amme maynelye ignoraunte
Whatte place thys is ande alle the poore ſkylle I have
Dothe notte rememberre theſe Garrementes norre doe I knowe
Where I dydde ſleepe laſte nyghte O doe laugh atte mee
Forre anne I bee a Manne I doe bethynke
Thys ſweete Ladye toe bee mye Chylde Corredelya
Cor I amme I amme O tis ſhe youre daughterre
Leare Bee theſe teares wette I praye praye you weepe notte
Anne thou haſte poyſonne forre mee I wille drynke itte
I knowe you doe notte love mee forre youre Syſterres
Have as I doe rememberre done mee wronge

Thou hadſt goode cauſe forre hate butte theye hadde none

Cor O breake notte thee poore daughterres hearte
Cauſe Cauſe o noe noe I ha none I ha none

Leare Whatte amme I thenne inne Fraunce

Kente Inne youre owne Kyngdomme Sir

Leare O doe notte abuſe mee

Gent Ha Commeforte madamme hys Rage you ſees kylld
Deſyre hee goe inne ande trouble hymme noe furtherre

Cor Wilte pleaſe youre hyghneſſe walke

Leare Beare mee thenne O praye you forregette ande forregive
I amme oulde ande foolyſhe youre bleſſynge I praye

Edmunde Reganne Gentlemanne Souledyerres

Edm Aſke othe Duke ifs purpoſe ſtylle houlde
Orre iffe oure Advyces willes hymme toe change hys Courſe
Thenne brynge hytherre hys pleaſure

Reg Oure Syſterres manne muſte ſure ha myſcarryedde

d Tis toe bee doubtedde Madamme

g Nowe ſweete Lorde you knowe the goodeneſſe I innetende you
Saye thenne mouſte truelye doe notte you love mye ſyſterre

Inne honourd Love naughte more
Butte haſte nere founde waye toe the forefennededde place
Noe bye mye honourre
I ſhalle nere ennedure herre fondle herre notte I praye
Feare mee notte

Albanye Gonerylle Souldyerres

elle bee mette oure verye lovynge Syſterre
he Kynge is wihe hys daughterre ande otherres too home the rygourre offe oure State forcd toe crye oute
Reg Whye is thys reaſonnd
Gon Combyne uſſe toegetherre gaynſte the Enemye
Forre theſe domeſtyce broyles are notte the Queſtyonne here
Alb Lets detyrmyne thenne onne whatte procedynge
Reg Syſterre youle goe withe uſſe
Gon Noe
Reg Soe tis convenyente praye goe withe uſſe
Gon Ho ho I knowe the Ryddelle Ile goe Ile goe

Edgarre

Ed Anne youre grace canne ſpeake withe oune ſoe poore heare mee

Alb Speake thenne
Edg Before the battayle bee foughte ope thys Letterre
Iffe you ha Victorye thenne lette the trumpette ſounde
Forre though I ſeeme poore I canne produce
A Champyonne thatte wille vouche thatte whiche is there
Anne you myſcarrye ſoe dothe youre buſyneſſe ende
lb Staye tylle I ha reade the Letterre
g Twas forrebydde butte tyme ſervynge lette the heralde crye
Thenne Ile appeare agayne
Fare thee welle I wille oerelooke thee Paperre

Edmunde

The Enemyes inne Viewe drawe uppe youre Powerres
e is the gueſſe o theyre ſtrengthe anᵈe forces
e dylygente forre youre haſte is urgedde onne you
Alb Thenne wee wille greete the tyme
Edm Toe bothe theſe Syſterres have I ſworne mye Love
Eache jealouſe othe otherre as thoſe ſtunge of Adderre
Whiche thenne ſhalle I take bothe oune orre neytherre

Neytherre canne bee enjoyd whilſte bothe doe live
Anne I doe take the Widdowe Gonerylle is madde
Ande hardelye ſhalle I carrye oute mye ſyde
Herre huſbande beynge alive Nowe thenne wele uſe
Hys Countenaunce forre the Battayle thatte done
Lette herre thatte woud bee rydde deviſe hys ſpeedye takynge offe
Affe forre the mercye he innetendes Leare ande Corredelya
The Battayle done ande Theye withinne our Powerre
Shalle neverre ſee hys pardonne Forre mye ſtate
Standes withe mee toe defende ande notte debate

Edgarre ande Gloſterre

Edg Heere Fatherre take the Shadowe o thys Tree
Forre youre goode hoaſte praye thatte the ryghte maye thrive
Ande Iff I retturne agayne Ile brynge you comforte
Glos Grace goe withe you mouſte Kynde ande gentle Sir

Edgarre

Edg Awaye awaye oulde Manne give mee thye hande
Kynge Leare hathe loſte hee ands daughterre are taene
Glos Thenne noe furtherre Sir forre owne maye rotte eene here
Edg Whatte inne ille thoughtes agayne Menne muſte ennedure
Theyre goynge hence ande comynge hytherre come onne
Glos Trewe Trewe indeede thou ſayſte welle

Edmunde Leare Cordelya Captayne ande Souldyerres 2720

Edm Some Offycerres withe ſpeede take themme hence
Untylle thoſe thatte are greaterre pronounce theyre wille
Cor Wee are notte othe fyrſte thatte have incurrd worſte
Withe beſte meanynge Butte tis forre thee oppreſſedde Kynge
I amme elſe forre myeſelfe I woud oute frowne
Falſe Forretunes frowne ſhalle wee notte ſee theſe Syſterres

Leare Nowe nowe letts toe Pryſonne there wee
towe wille ſynge
Lyke Byrdes ithe Cage whenne thou doſte aſke
mee bleſſynge
Ile kneele downe ande aſke o thee forregiveneſſe
Soe wele live ande praye ande ſynge ande telle oulde
tales
Ande laugh atte guildedde butterreflyes ande heere
poore Rogues
Talke o Courte Newes ande wele talke withe
themme too
Who looſes ande who winnes whoſe inne ande
whos oute
Ande take uponne Us the myſterye o thynges
Aſſe iffe wee were Gods ſpyes ande wele weare oute
Inne oure walld Pryſonne Packes ande ſeckes o
greate ounes
Thatte ebbe ande flowe bye lyghte othe pale facd
Moone
Edm Take themme awaye
Leare Uponne ſuche ſacryfyces mye Corredelya
The Goddes themmeſelves throwe innecenſe
Ha have I thenne caughte thee hee thatte parts uſſe
Shalle brynge a Brande fromme heavenne ande fire
uſſe hence
Evenne lyke Sampſonnes Foxes o wipe thyne Eyes
The goode Yeares ſhalte devore themme fleſhe
ande felle

Eere theye ſhalle make uſſe weepe weele ſee em ſtarvd fyrſte

Edm Cemme hytherre Captayne hearke take thou thys Note

Followe themme toe Pryſonne oune Steppe Ive advaunced thee

Ande iffe thou doſte as thys inneſtructes thou makſt thee waye

Toe noblerre Fortune knowe thou thys Menne are as the tyme is

Ande toe bee tenderre myndedde becomes notte a Sworde

Thenne ſaye thoult dot orre thrive bye otherre meanes

Cap Mye Lorde Ile dot

Bas Aboute itte ande write theeſelfe happye whenne tis done

Marde I ſaye inneſtauntelye as I ha ſette itte downe

Albanye Gonerylle Reganne

Alb Sir you have ſhowne thys daye youre Valyaunte ſtrayne

Ande Forretune ledde you welle you ha the Captives

Ande I doe require themme offe you toe uſe themme

As theyre Meryttes ande oure ſafetye maye beſte deterremyne

Edm Sir I thoughte itte fyttenne toe ſende the oulde Kynge
Toe cloſe retennetyonne Whoſe Age has Charmes
Ande Tytle more to plucke the commonne boſomme ons ſyde
Ande turne oure impreſte Launeſſes inne oure Eyes
Whiche doe commande themme withe hymme I ſente the Queene
Thatte toe Morrowe theye maye bee betterre able
Toe appeare where you ſhalle houlde youre Seſſyonne
Alb Sir I doe houlde you butte as Subjecte o thys Warre
Ande notte a Brotherre
Reg Thatte methynkes is as wee doe lyſte toe grace hymme
Wee myghte ha beene demandedde eere thoudſt ſpoke thuſſe farre
Hee ledde oure Powerres bore the Commyſyonne
Bothe of myne owne place ande perſonne
The whiche maye welle ſtaunde uppe toe calle hymſelfe oure Brotherre
Gon Notte ſoe hotte ins owne grace hee dothe exalte hymſelfe
More thanne inne youre addytyonne
Reg Withe mye ryghtes inneveſtedde hee compares the beſte

Alb Thatte were the mouſte an hee ſhould huſ-
band you
Reg Jeſterres doe oft prove Prophettes
Gon Hola thatte Eye thatte tolde you ſoe lookd
a ſquinte
Reg Ladye Ime notte welle elſe I ſhoud anſwerre
Edmunde take thou mye Souldyerres Patry-
monye
Dſpoſe o themme o mee forre alle is thyne
Witneſſe o Worlde I doe create hymme mye
Lorde ande Maſterre
Gon Ande meane you toe enjoye hymme
Alb The lette alone lyes notte inne youre wille
mn Norre inne thyne mye Lorde
lb Butte itte dothe halfe bloodyedde fellowe
eg Bydde the Drumme ſtryke ande mye Tytle
thyne
Naye ſtoppe heare Reaſonne Edmunde I arreſte thee
Onne Capytalle Treaſonne ande inne thys thye
arreſte
Thys guildedde Serrepente forre you clayme twayne
Syſterres
I beare itte ithe Innetereſte o mye Wife
Tis ſhe thats ſubconnetractedde toe thys Lorde
Ande I herre huſbande contradycte youre Banes
Iffe youle marrye tis mye Ladys Love thats be-
ſpoke
Gon Anne inneterrelude

Alb Thourte armd Gloſterre thereforre lette the Trumpette ſounde
Ande ſhoud none appeare to prove thye heynous Treaſonnes
Theres mye Pledge Ile makt onne the hearte ere I taſte Breade
Forre thourt inne naughte thanne whatte I have proclaymd thee
Reg Sycke o Sycke
Gon An tis notte Ile neere truſte Miedycyne
Edm Thenne theres mye Exchange thatte othe Worlde he is
Thatte names mee Traytorre Villayne lyke he lyes
Calle bye the Trumpette hee thatte dares approache
Onne hymme ande you Ile mayntayne mye truthe ande honoure

Herade

Alb A heralde truſte toe thye ſyngle Virretewe
Forre thye Souldyerres alle levyedde inne mye Name
Have alſoe inne mye name tooke theyre dyſcharge
Reg Mye Sickneſſe growes uponne mee
Alb Shes notte welle conveye herre toe mye Tente
Comme hytherre heralde ſpeake Trumpette the

Iffe any Manne o Qulytye orre degree itts
o thys Armye wille mayntayne uponne Edmun
Suppoſedde Earle o Gloſterre thatte hee is a manyfoulde
Traytorre lette hymme atte thyrde Sounde othe Trumpette
appeare ins defence

Edgarre armedde

Alb Aſke hymme whye he appeares onne calle othe Trumpette
Her Whatte are you youre Name youre Qualytye
Ande whye anſwerre you thys preſent Summonnes
Edg Knowe thenne mye name is loſte bye treaſonnes Fangd tooth
Bare knawne ande Cankerre bytte yette amme I noble
As the Adverreſarye I amme toe cope withe
Alb Whyche is thatte adverreſarye
Edg Whos hee thatte ſpeakes forre Edmunde Earle o Gloſterre
Bas Hymſelfe whatte ſayſte thou toe hymme
Edg Drawe thenne anne iffe mye Speeche offende thee noble hearte
Thenne lette thyne arme doe thee juſtyce here is myne
Forre tis the Pryvyledge o myne honourres

Myne Oathe ande the profeſſyonne I proteſte
Maugre thye Strengthe Place Youthe ande Emy-
naunce
Deſpyſynge thye Vyctoryouſe Sworde
Thye Valoure ande thee hearte thou arte a Traytorre
Falſe toe the Gods thye Fatherre ande thee Bro-
therre
Conneſpyrynge gaynſte thys illuſtryouſe Prynce
Ande fromme the extremeſte upwarde othe heade
Toe thatte duſte thou doſte treade underre foote
Thourte a Toade ſpottedde Traytorre ſaye thou noe
Thys Sworde thys arme ande mye beſte ſpyryttes
are bente
Toe prove onne thee hearte thatte I ſaye thou lyeſte
Edm Mye Woſdomme needes woud ha mee aſke
the name
Butte ſynce thyne outeſyde lookes ſoe fayre ande
warlyke
Bye rule o Knyghthoode I dyſdayne ande ſpurne
Backe doe I toſſe theſe Treaſonnes toe the heade
Withe the helle hatedde lye oerewhelme the hearte
Whyche forre theye yette glaunce bye ande ſcarſelye
bruiſe
Thys ſworde o myne ſhalle give themme inſtaunte
waye
Where theye ſhalle reſte forre everre
Gon Thys is practyſd Gloſterre bye the Lawe o
Warre

Thou waſte notte bounde toe anſwerre anne unne-
knowne oppoſyte
Thourte notte vanquiſhd butte cozend ande be-
guilde
Alb Shutte thee mouthe dame orre withe thys
Paperre Ile ſtoppe itte
Houlde Sir thou worſe thanne anye Name reade
thyne Exylle
Noe noe I doe ſee thou knowſte itte alreadye
Gon Anne I doe the Lawes are myne who dares
arraygne mee
Alb Mouſte Monſtrouſe knowſte thou thys
Paperre
Edm Aſke mee notte whatte I knowe
Alb Goe afterre herre ſhes deſperate governe herre
Bas Thatte thou haſte chargd me withe
Thatte mouſte trewelye I ha done
Naye Naye ande muche more too
Butte tyme wille brynge alle oute
Tis paſte ande ſoe amme I
Butte telle mee who arte thou
Thatte haſte thys Foretune onne mee
Iffe thourte noble I doe forregive thee
Edg Thenne lets exchange Charytyes
Forre I amme noe leſſe inne bloode
Thanne arte theſelfe Edmunde
Iffe more thenne more thouſte wrongd mee
Mye Names noe leſſe thanne Edgarre

Thee fatherres Sonne ande thye Brotherre
The Gods are juſte ande of oure pleaſaunte Vyces
Make inneſtrumentes toe plague uſſe
Thatte darke ande vycyouſe place
Where hee dydde begette thee
Coſte hymme naughte leſſe thans Eyes
Bas Thouſte ſpokenne ryghte mouſte trewe
Ande the wheele is nowe comme to us fulle Cyrcle
Alb I dydde bethynke mee
Thatte thye verye gate dydde Phropheſye
A Royalle Nobleneſſe
I muſte naye wille embrace thee
Ande mye keeneſte Sorrowe ſplytte mye hearte
Iffe everre I dydde thee orre thee fatherre
Ed Worthye Prynce I knowt
Alb Where have you hydde youreſelfe
Ande howe knowe the Myſeryes o youre fatherre
Edg Bye nurſynge themme mye Lorde
Lyſte a breyſe tale ande whenne tis toulde
O thatte mye fulle hearte woude burſte
The blodye Proclamatyonne toe Eſcape
Thatte dydde followe mee ſoe neere
O oure lives greate ſweeteneſſe
Thatte wee the Payne o deathe woud hourelye dye
Ratherre thanne dye atte ounce
Taughte mee toe ſhifte intoe madmannes Ragges
Toe aſſume a wretchedde ſemmeblaunce
Thatte the verye Doggs woud ha dyſclaymd

Ande inne thys habytte mette I mye fatherre
Withe hys thoſe precyouſe bleedynge Rynges
Theyre precyouſe Stones newe loſte
I became hys guide ande ledde hymme
Beggd forre hymme ſavd hymme fromme dyſpayre
Neverre O faulte reveald myeſelfe untoe hymme
Unnetylle ſome halfe houre paſte whenne I was armd
Notte ſure though hopynge thys goode ſucceſſe
I aſkd hys Bleſſynge and fromme fyrſte toe laſte
Tolde hymme off oure tedyouſe Pylgrymage
Butte hys poore hearte alreadye flawd
Toe weake helas thys conneflyćte toe ſupporte
Twixte thee twoe extremes o Paſſyonne
Joye ande griefe burſte ſmylyngelye
Edm Deare Brotherre thys ſpeeche o youres
Hathe movd mee ande ſhalle perrechaunce doe goode
Butte praye you ſpeake onne
You looke as you hadde ſomethynge more toe ſaye
Alb Anne there bee more thats more wofulle
Thenne Prythee houlde itte inne
Forre Ime allmouſte readye toe dyſſolve
Atte the hearynge o thys

Gentlemanne

Gent Helpe o helpe
Edg Whatte kynde o helpe
Edg Whatte meanes thys Blodye Knife
Gent O it ſmoakes itte came fromme herre hearte ſhes deade
Alb Whos deade ſpeake Manne
Gent Youre Ladye ande herre Syſterre
Bye herre is poiſonedde ſhe dothe confeſſe itte
Bas Toe theſe twayne Syſterres I was connetractedde
Ande Nowe wee ſhalle marrye inne oune Inſtaunte 2950

Kente

Alb Produce the bodyes thys Judgemente othe heavennes
Dothe make us tremble O is thys hee
Butte tyme dothe notte allowe thatte whyche mannerres urges
Kente I amme toe bydde my Kynge and Maſterre
A goode Nyghte whatte is he notte here
Alb Greate thynge bye uſſe forgotte Speake Edmunde
Wheres the Kynge ande Corredelya doſte ſee thys Objecte Kente

Kente Alacke Alacke ande howe thus
Edm Yette was Edmunde belovedde
The oune ande th otherre poyſonnd forre mye ſake
Ande afterre ſlewe herreſelfe
Alb Eene ſoe coverre theyre faces
Edm I pante forre life ande yette ſome goode I meane toe doe
Deſpyghte o myne owne vile nature quckIye ſende
Ande bee briefe int to the Caſtle forre mye Wrytte
Iſſe onne the life o Leare ande Corredelya
Naye tarrye notte ſend ſende ſpeedylye
Alb Run Run Ryches are thyne anne thou doſte ſpeede thee
Edg Toe whome toe whome muſte hee goe
Who has the Offyce ſende thee tokenne o Reprieve
Edm Welle thoughte heare take mye Sworde give itte the Captayne
Duke Haſte thee forre thee life
Edm He hathe commiſſyonne fromme mye Wife ande Mee
Toe hang Cordelya ithe Pryſonne
Ande laye the blayme atte charge of herre deſpayre
Duke Ye Gods defende herre beare hymme hence

Leare ande Cordelya ins Armes

Leare Howle Howle Howle Howle O ye are
Menne of Stones
Hadde I youre Tongues ande Eyes I woud uſe
themme ſoe
Thatte heavennes hygh frettedde Valte ſhoud
cracke
O ſhe is gone forre everre o o o o
I knowe whenne oune is deade and whenne oune
lives
Yeſſe ſhes deade as Earthe lende mee a lookynge
Glaſſe
Ande iffe herre Breathe dothe myſte or ſtayne the
Stone
Whye thenne ſhe lives butte noe noe tis notte ſoe
Kente Whatte is thys the promyſd ende
Leare O thys featherre ſtyrres ſhe lives an ift
bee ſoe
Thatte chaunce redeemes alle ſorrowes I ha felte
Kente Aye mye goode Maſterre
Leare Prethee awaye I ſaye
Edgare Tis Kente youre goode oulde freynde
Leare A Plague uponne you Murderers Tray-
torres alle
I myghte ha ſavd herre butte ſhes gone forre everre
Cordelya ſtaye O ſtaye yette a lyttle

Whatte iſt thou ſayſt her Voyce was everre ſofte
Ande lowe ſweete muſyck oere the ryplynge Streame
Qualytye rare ande excellente inne Womanne
O Yeſſe bye heavennes twas I kylld the ſlave
Thatte dydde rounde thye ſofte necke the murderouſe
Ande damnedde Corde entwine dydde I notte Syrrah
Cap Tis mouſte trewe mye Lordes he dydde 3000
Leare Ha dydde I notte fellowe I have ſeene the Daye
Whenne withe mye goode bitynge Fauchyonne
I woud ha made themme ſkippe butte I am oulde nowe
Ande theſe ſame Croſſes ſpoyle mee who are you
Myne Eyes are notte othe beſte praye ſtaye Ile telle the ſtraighte
Kente Iffe fortune brag of two ſhe lovd or hatedde
Oune o themme wee nowe beholde
Leare Arte thou notte mye Kente
Kente The ſelfe ſame Kente ande youre Servant everre
Butte wheres youre Servant Caius
Leare Aye I knowe nowe he iſſe a goode fellowe 3010
Hele ſtryke ande quicklye hes deade and rottenne

Kente Noe mye goode Lorde I amme thatte verye Manne

Leare Naye butte Ile ſee thatte ſtraighte

Kente Thatte have followd youre ſad ande decayd Life

Leare Welconne goode Kente welcome hytherre

Kente Butte noe Manne elſe Alls cheereleſſe darke ande deadlye

Youre eldeſte daughterres have foredoomd themſelves

Ande deſperatelye are deade

Leare An I thynke ſoe too

Duke He knowes notte whatte he ſees tis vayne thatte wee

Doe thuſſe preſente uſſe toe hymme 3020

Cap Edmunde too is deade mye Lorde

Duke Thats butte a trifle goode Lordes knowe oure Innetente

Whatte comforte canne ſhalle bee applyedde

Ande forre uſſe wee doe here reſygne oure Powerre

Leare Ande mye poore fool hangd noe noe thou vile life

Whye ſhoud horſe dog Ratte ha Life an thou notte breathe

O thenne thou wilte come noe more neverre neverre

Praye you undoe thys Button Sir thanks o o o

Edg He faynts mye Lorde mye goode Lorde

Leare Breathe ſtubborne hearte I prethe breake

Edg Looke uppe mye goode Lorde
Kente Vex notte hys Ghoſte Praye you lette hymme paſſe
He lykes hymme notte who woud upon the wracke
O thys Rough World ſtretch hymme oute longerre
Edg O he is gone
Kente The wonderre iſſe he hath endurd ſoe long
He butte uſurpt hys life
Duke Beare themme Fromme hence oure Preſente buſyneſſe
Is toe generalle woe Freynſds of mye Soule you twayne
Rule inne thys oure Kyngdomme ande the good ſtate ſuſtayne
Kente Thanks Sir butte I goe toe thatte unknowne Land
Thatte Chaynes each Pilgrim faſte within its Soyle
Bye livynge menne mouſte ſhunnd mouſte dreadedde
Stille mye goode maſterre thys ſame Journey tooke
He calls mee I amme contente ande ſtrayght obeye
Thenne farewelle Worlde the buſye Sceane is done
Kente livd mouſte true Kente dyes mouſte lyke a Manne
Duke The Weyghte of thys ſad tyme wee muſte obeye
Speake thatte wee notte thatte wee oughte toe ſaye

The oldeſte mouſte have borne wee thatte are younge
Shalle nere beholde ſoe muche norre live ſoe longe

Here endethe mye Play offe
Kynge Leare

Wm Shakſpeare

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Withe thys differaunce theyre Currauntes turne arye
Ande looſe the name O Actyonne Softe you nowe
The fayre Ophelya Nymphe inne alle the Oryzoones
Bee mye Synnes rememberd
Op Mye goode Lorde
Howe does youre honoure thys manye a daye
Ham I humblye thanke thee welle welle
Oph Mye Lorde I ha remembrances o yours
Whyche longe I ha longed toe redeliverre
Praye you nowe receyve themme
Ham No No I nere gave you aughte
Oph I knowe ryghte welle mye honourd Lorde you did
Ande withe themme Wordes o ſo ſwete breathe compoſd
As made youre Giftes moure Ryche The Perfume gone
Take theſe agayne forre toe the noble mynde
Ryche Giftes waxe poore whenne Giverres prove unkynd
Ham Ha ha Saye arte honeſte
Oph Mye Lorde
Ham Are you fayre
Oph Mye Goode Lorde whatte meanes youre honoure

Kynge Howe fares oure Couſynne Hamblette
Ham Excellente I faythe
O the Camelyonnes dyſhe I eate
O the Ayre othe ayre promyſe crammd
You cannotte feede Caponnes ſoe
Kynge Thys anſwerre Hamblette is nothynge
Theſe wordes are notte myne
Ham No norre myne nowe my Lorde
You playde ounce ithe Unyverreſytye you ſaye
Polon Aye thatte I dydde ande was countedde a goode
Actorre
Ham Whatte dydſte enacte
Polon I dydde enacte Julyus Ceſarre
I was kylld ithe Capytolle Brutus kylld mee
Ham Twas a Brute parte inne hymme toe
Kylle ſoe capytalle a Calfe there
Que Comme hytherre Hamblette ande ſytte bye mee
Ham Noe goode Motherre heres mettelle more attractive
Pol Ho doe you marke thatte
Ham Shalle I lye i youre Lappe ſwette Ladye
Oph Aye mye Lorde
Ham I meane mye heade onne youre Lappe

forre I meante notte Countrye Matterres
Oph You are merrye mye Lorde
Ham Whatte I
Oph Aye you mye Lorde
Ham O God youre onlye Jygge makerre
Forre whatte ſhoude a Manne doe butte bee merrye
Forre marke howe chearfullye mye Motherre lookes
Ande mye fatherre dyedde whithinne two houres
Oph Naye tis twice twoe Moneths mye Lorde
Ham Whatte ſoe longe
Naye Naye thenne lette the deville weare blacke
Forre I wille have a ſuite o Sables
O heavennes whatte dye butte twoe Moneths agoe
Ande notte forregottenne yette Thenne theres hope indede
A greate Mans memorye maye outelive hys life
Bye halfe a yeare butte thenne by youre Ladye
Hee muſte builde Churches elſe looke you
Hee ſhalle ſufferre notte thynkynge ont
Ande thenne withe Dobyne ande the hobbye horſe
Hee ſhalle goe goe forre hys Epytaphe
Forre O forre O the hobbye horſe is forgotte

Dumbe Showe

Kynge ande Queene verye lovynglye thenne

Pol Give oere the Playe
Kynge Quicke ſome lyghte there
Alle Lyghtes Lyghtes

Ham Whye lette the ſtryckenne Deere goe weepe
The hearte unnegalledde playe
Forre ſome muſte watche whilſte ſome muſte ſleepe
Soe runnes the Worlde awaye
Woude notte thys ande a foreſte o featherres
anne the reſte o mye forretunes turne Turke
Withe mee withe twoe Provyncyalle Roſes onne
Mye racedde Shoes gette mee a fellowesſhyppe
Sir inne a crye o playerres
hor Halfe a Share mye Lorde
ham A Whole onne I
Forre thou doſte knowe O Damonne deare
Thys Reygne dyſmantled was o Jove hymſelfe
Ande reygnes heere
A verye verye Peacocke
Hor Thou myghtſte ha rymd
Ham Goode Horatio Ile take the Ghoſtes Worde
Aye werte forre a thouſande Poundes
Dydſte notte perreceyve
Hor Verye welle mye Lorde

Ham Uponne talke othe Poyſonynge
Hor Aye mye Lorde I dydde note hymme welle

Roſycnros ande Guildenneſtarne

Ham Hoa hoa Comme ſome Muſycke the Recorderres
Forre anne the Kynge lyke notte the Comedye
Whye thenne perchaunce he likes itte notte perredye
Comme ſome muſycke there
Guil Goode mye Lorde vouche mee oune Worde
Ham Anne whole hyſtorye Sir
Guil The Kynge
Ham Aye Sir whatte o hymme
Guil Iſſe ins retyremente marvelouſe dyſtemperd
Ham Withe drynke Sir
Guil Noe Noe Lorde ratherre withe Cholerre
Ham Youre Wiſdomme ſhould ſhewe itſelfe
Moure Riche anne the dydſte ſygnyfye
thys tos Doctorre forre mee toe putte hymme
Toe hys Purgatyonne woud perrehappes plunge

Praye you bee rounde withe hymme

Hamblette withinne

Ham Motherre Motherre
Que Ile warrante you feare mee notte
Whithdrawe I heare hymme comynge

Hamblette

Ham Nowe Motherre whats the matterre
Que Hamblette thou haſte thye fatherre muche offended
Ham Naye Motherre you have mye fatherre muche offended
Que Come Come you anſwerre withe anne idle Tongue
Ham Goe Goe tis you thatte queſtyonne withe anne idle Tongue
Que Whye howe nowe Hamblette
Ham Welle ande whats the matterre nowe
Que haſte thou forgotte mee
Ham Noe bye Roode notte quite ſoe
You are the Queene youre huſbandes brotherres wife
O woude you were notte ſoe-you are mye Motherre
Que Naye Ile ſette thoſe toe you thatte canne ſpeake
Ham Comme comme ande ſytte you downe

You ſhalle notte budge naye naye you goe notte
Tille I ſette uppe a Glaſſe where you maye ſee
The innermoſte parte o you
Que Whatte wilte thou doe thoult notte murderre mee helpe there hoa helpe
Pol Whatte hoa helpe helpe
Ham Howe nowe a Ratte
Dead forre a ducatte deade
Pol I am ſlayne
Que Ah me whatte haſte thou done
Ham I knowe notte is notte the Kynge
Que O whatte a raſhe ande bloodye deede is thys
Ham A bloodye deede almoſte as bad goode Motherre
As kylle a kylle a Kynge ande marrye withe hys Brotherre
Que As kylle a Kynge
Ham Aye Ladye twas mye Worde
Thou wretchedde raſhe innetrudynge foole farewelle
I tooke thee forre thee betterres take thye forretune
Thou fyndſte toe bee too buſye is ſome dangerre
Leave wringing o youre handes Peace ſytte ye downe
Ande lette mee wringe thatte hearte forre ſoe I ſhalle
Anne itte bee made o penetrable ſtuffe
Iffe damnedde cuſtomme ha notte brazd itte ſoe

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